THE

Methodist Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1892.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

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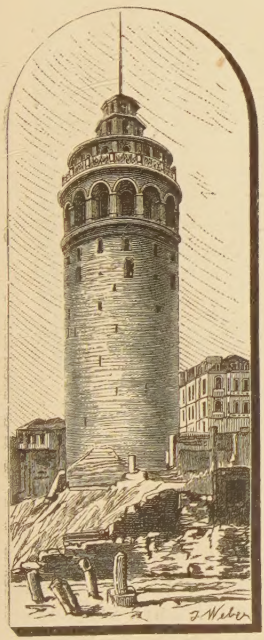


GENOESE TOWER, GALATA.

One of the most striking features of the Galata suburb is its lofty and massive tower of ancient Genoese construction on which a watch is constantly kept to give the alarm in case of fire. One would imagine that a telephone or telegraph would be arranged for communicating intelligence to the fire station, but instead of that, when a fire occurs the watchman slides down a long rope through a well in the interior of the tower to the ground. The view from the summit was superb. Flashing to and fro like shuttles weaving a web of commerce were fifty steamers, large and small, and twenty-four ironclad warships lay moored in the harbour below. The bold and majestic sweep of the Golden Horn, the deep blue Bosphorus, the Sweet Waters of Europe, the distant green Bythinian hills, and the crowded triple city at our feet, was wonderfully impressive.

Near the Mosque of Saint Sophia is the Mosque of Achmed, the only one in the Ottoman Empire which has six minarets. These with the swelling dome which they surround, relieved against the bright blue sky, make one of the most picturesque architectural groups in the world. More beautiful still is the Mosque of Sulieman

the Magnificent dating from 1550. Here is one of the most majestic views of the whole extent of the city of the Golden Horn. We had great difficulty in procuring admission to this building even at the fee of fifty cents apiece, which was demanded for entering any of the numerous mosques of the city. The vast dome, the beautiful arcades, the gorgeous stained-glass windows, and the exquisite Saracenic carving on pulpit and mihrab were of exceeding interest. Behind the mosque is a small and elegant tomb of Sulieman the Magnificent, long the terror and scourge of Europe. Beside his grave slumber the remains of his Sultana

MOSQUE OF ACHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Roxalana and of his daughters. The tomb is an octagonal building of various coloured marbles and delicate arabesques.

One of the most attractive scenes in Constantinople is the covered rows of shops and bazaars which altogether must be miles in extent. These are narrow passages with arches of solid masonry, through the openings in the roof of which the light breaks as shown in our picture. On either side are diminutive stalls which often contain objects of inestimable value, diamonds, gold and ivory, Cashmere shawls, Chinese silks, brocades, ermines, jewelled pipes, antique arms,—every known tint and colour meets the eye at once. It is like a page from the Arabian Nights.

We went one day to what is known as the Pigeon Mosque, one

of whose attractions was the fluttering clouds of pigeons which hovered around and eagerly devoured the grain which we purchased and scattered on the marble pavement. The scene was one of remarkable beauty—the stately architecture of the mosque, the sombre cypresses, the bright sunlight, the picturesque figures at prayer, made up a very striking ensemble.

One bright and beautiful day we took steamer and sailed up the Bosphorus to visit the famous Roberts College. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery on either bank of this noble strait separating Europe and Asia. For many miles it is

PIGEON MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

bordered by stately palaces and villas, while foliage of richest hue clothes the towering hills to their summit. The College is attended by students speaking fourteen languages. English, however, is the common speech of the playgrounds and lecture rooms. It is a large iron proof building, surrounding a central square, with admirable libraries, museums and lecture rooms. It commands a magnificent outlook of the winding Bosphorus and surrounding hills, resembling very much that of the Hudson from West Point. Some two hundred Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, and other youth, receive here an admirable classical and scientific training. We were received by Dr. Long in a room lined with

scientific apparatus. We had the pleasure also of meeting President Washburn, also Prof. Milligen, who expressed much gratification at a previous visit to Toronto. The College is doing much to mould the future of the South-eastern principalities of Europe.

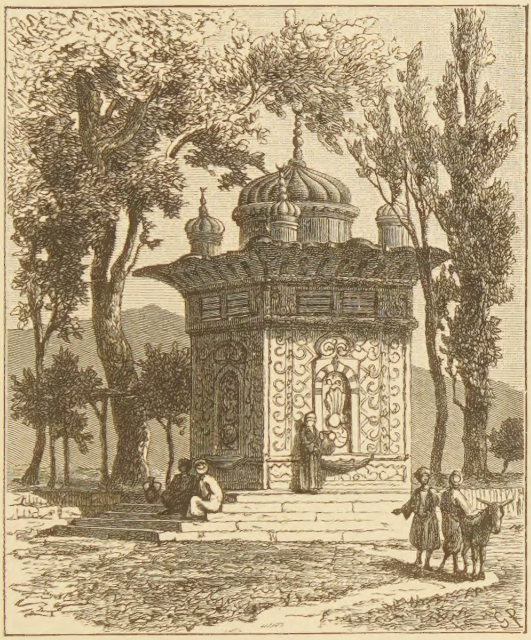
Near the College is a grim old tower where the patriotic Cyril

TURKISH FAMILY CARRIAGE.

Luchares who gave the Alexandrian MSS. to Charles I. was strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. Prof. Long is an enthusiastic hunter of ancient manuscripts, and describes the sport as exciting as salmon fishing.

The hills near Constantinople are crowned with miles of barracks, and near the water are bordered by tumbled-down black, unpainted houses, by many frescoed mosques and minarets, and by gay bright-coloured palaces of the Sultan.

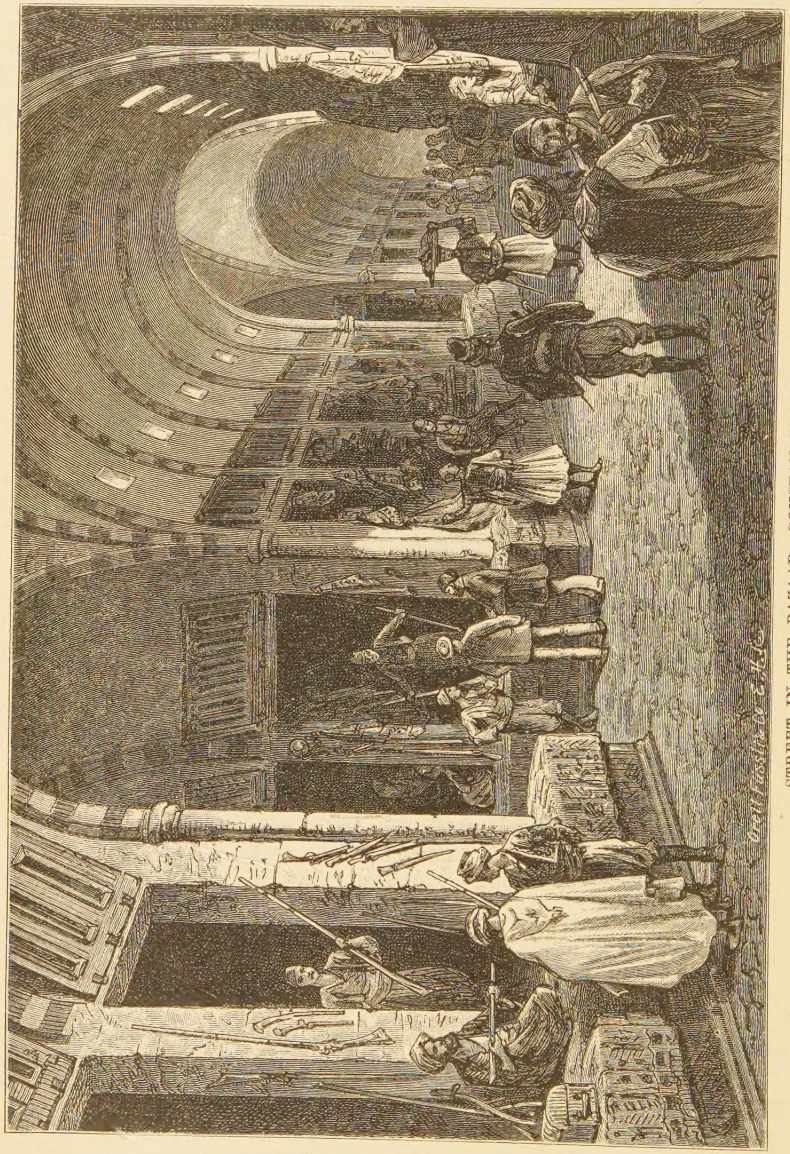
I stood on the bridge across the Golden Horn one afternoon and took note of the great variety of figures passing by—Turkish ladies in yellow silk, whose gauzy and transparent yashmack revealed rather than concealed their pale faces and brilliant eyes; Turks in military costume and scarlet fez; merchants in Frank dress; young officers in brilliant uniform; eight porters bearing on poles a huge hogshead of sugar; labourers in coarse cloaks eating their luncheon of black bread and small dried fish and onions; bridge tenders in long white gowns or smocks; lumbering ox teams, the oxen decorated with bells and beads and tufts of red-dyed wool; soldiers with great brass gorgets on their breasts; white wimpled nuns, passing in pairs; ladies in European dress; Turks in furlined cloaks with huge green turbans indicating that they had made the pilgrimage to Mecca; a ceaseless stream of carriages, waggons and lumbering carts—here a police officer came and peered inquiringly over my shoulder, so I thought discretion the better part of valour and put up my note book.



FOUNT OF SWEET WATERS OF ASIA.

Taking a caique, a very light and frail sort of canoe, we were rowed up the Sweet Waters of Europe, a winding channel between meadows of bright green, enamelled with many-coloured flowers spreading into acres of purple bloom, with elegant pavilions on either side, the favourite picnic grounds and refreshment booths of Moslem families. Hundreds of boats were gliding to and fro, conveying white-veiled figures from the harems of wealthy Moslems, often accompanied by the pleasant music of percussion or stringed instruments. Varied groups upon the shore, beneath the

shadow of majestic walnut or plane trees, were listening to the monotonous singing or dramatic recitation of professional musician



STREET IN THE BAZAAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.

or story-teller. It seemed to be also a favourite amusement of the the people to picnic among the graves in the vast cemeteries.

One of the most curious features of Constantinople is the

multitude of masterless dogs that throng its ways. They seem to be the only scavengers of the city, and may be seen devouring the offal and garbage of the streets. I repeatedly found a dozen of them lying in groups, so lazy that they would hardly get up as one walked past or over them. They belong to no one, but each dwells in a district of its own, and should a neighbouring dog invade another's territory, the whole *posse* will violently assail and eject him.

A brilliant French writer, Pierre Loti, who was favoured with an inside view of the old Seraglio, thus describes the scene:

"All is at first silence and shade; empty desolate courts, where grass is growing between disused flagstones, overshadowed by great trees centuries old, contemporaries of the mighty Sultans of other days; black cypresses, as lofty as towers, plane trees which have assumed weird forms, all distorted as they are with age, are still upheld merely by huge fragments of bark, and stoop forward like old men.

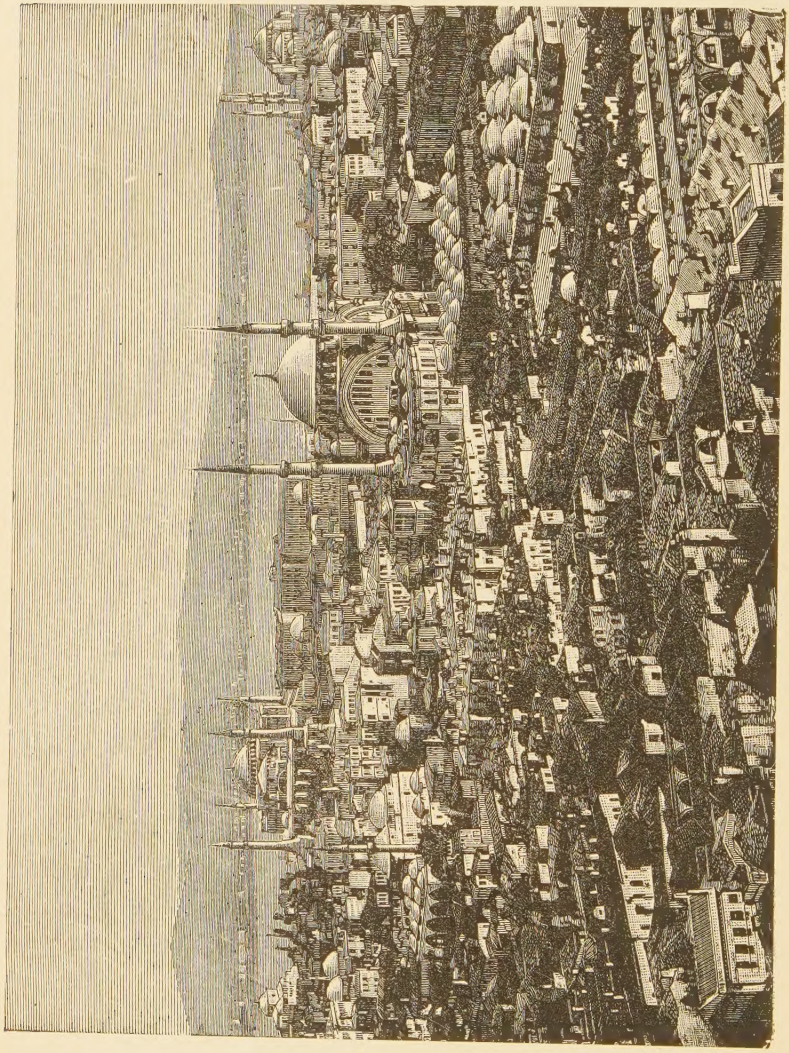
STREET CAKE-SELLER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Then come the galleries; colonnades in the antique Turkish style; the verandas, still retaining their quaint frescoes, in which the Sultan deigned to receive the ambassadors of Europe. This spot, fortunately, is not open to profane visitors, it is not yet haunted by idle tourists, and behind its lofty walls it retains a mysterious peace. It is still stamped with the impress of by-gone glories.

"Crossing the first courts we leave on the right impenetrably-closed gardens, from which emerge, amongst groves of cypress, ancient kiosks, with closed windows, the residences of imperial widows, of aged princesses, who are to end their days in a secluded retreat on one of the most beautiful sites in the whole world.

"All round about us are ancient white buildings, which contain all the rarest, the most valuable treasures of Turkey—first, the kiosk, closed even to the faithful, in which the mantle of the prophet is preserved in a case

studded with precious stones ; then the kiosk of Bagdad, lined with Persian porcelains, now of priceless value ; then the Imperial treasury, also of gleaming whiteness, with grated windows like those of a prison, the iron gates of which will presently be opened to allow me to enter.

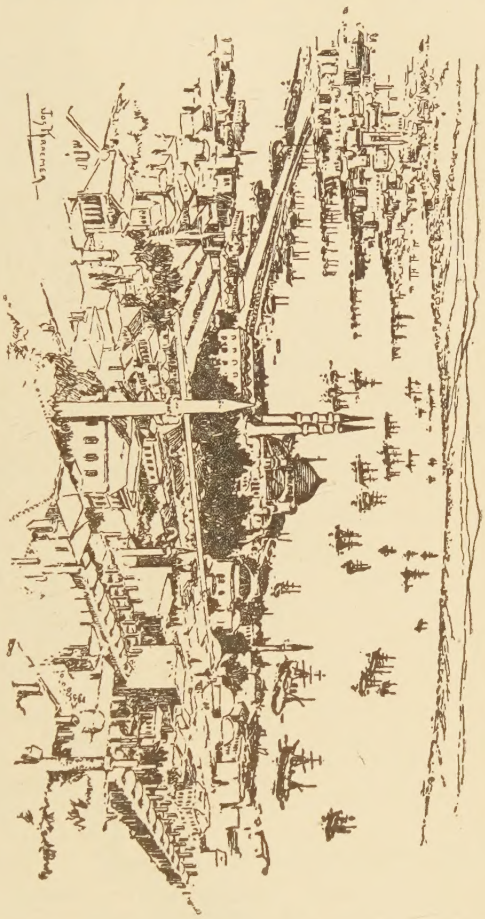


CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM SERASKIER TOWER.

"No cave of Ali Baba ever contained such riches ! For eight centuries matchless precious stones and priceless marvels of art have been hoarded up here. Here are weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mohammed, weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones ; collections of golden chests of every size and every style,

some covered with rubies, others with diamonds or sapphires, some actually cut out of a single great emerald resembling an ostrich's egg; coffee services, flagons, and ewers of antique forms of exquisite beauty.

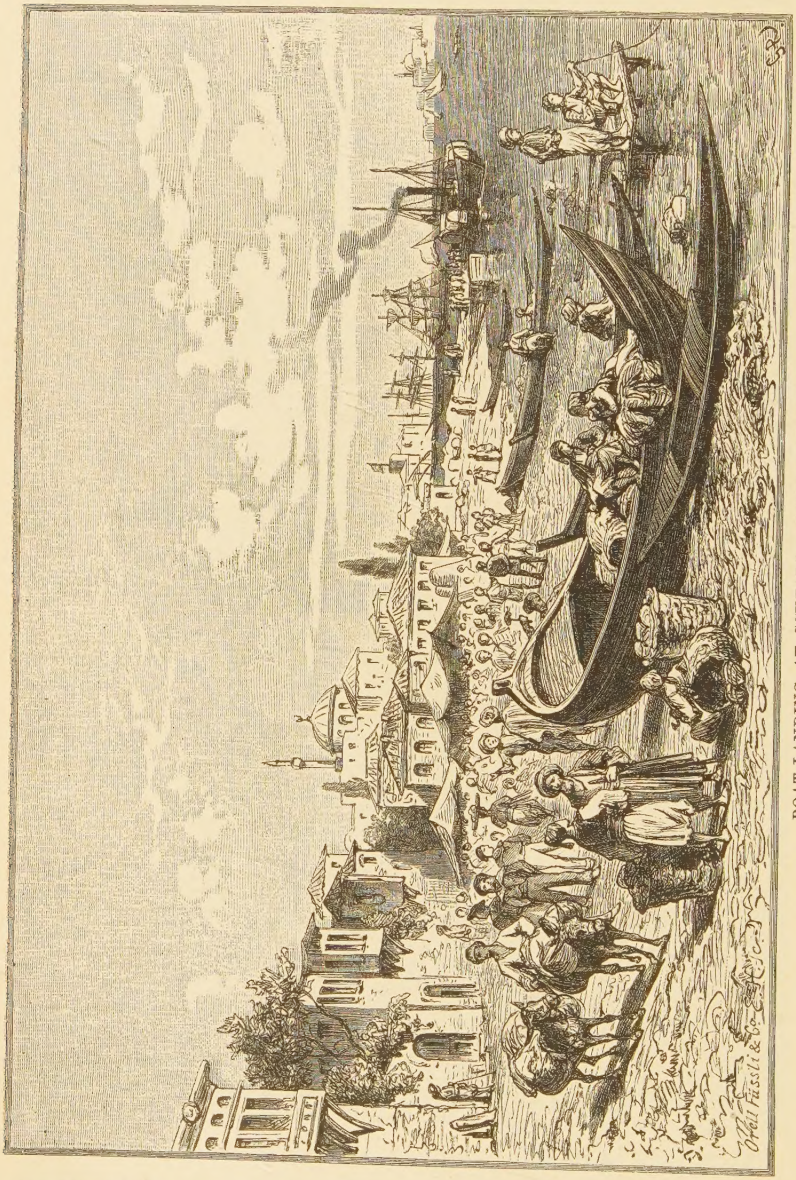
"In the last room, behind glass, a motionless and terrible-looking company awaits us. Twenty-eight puppets of the size of life, standing erect in military style in a long row shoulder to shoulder. Until the beginning of this century, whenever a Sultan died, a puppet dressed in the monarch's robes of state was brought to the treasury, wearing wonderful weapons in its sash, and on its head a green turban with a magnificent aigrette of jewels. And here this puppet was to remain forever, covered with wealth, lost for all eternity to mankind. The twenty-eight Sultans, who succeeded each other, between the taking of Constantinople and the end of the eighteenth century have each had his dummy here, standing erect in court costume; slowly the solemn, richly-dressed party has increased in numbers, the new funeral figures arriving one by one, to take their places in the long line of ancient Sultans, who have waited for them for hundreds of years, sure of their coming sooner or later. Each one bears his name, now but an empty sound, but once illustrious and terrible—Murad the Conqueror, Sulieman the Magnificent, Mohammed and Mahmud. I think these figures gave me a more awful sense of the fragility and nothingness of human life than anything I ever saw."



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

On a steamboat on the Bosphorus I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Turkish gentleman, a physician, who gave a most interesting account of the attempt to establish Constitutional

Government in Constantinople. A Parliament was convened at the very time that the treaty of Constantinople was signed. It



BOAT-LANDING AT SCUTARI, CONSTANTINOPLE.

consisted of two Houses—an appointed Senate and an elected Lower House. When the cannon was fired at the opening of this Parliament the Turkish Commissioner, who was negotiating the

treaty with the great powers, said: "There, gentlemen, is the beginning of a Constitutional Government in Turkey." But the Parliament soon began to ask inconvenient questions, and to use the expressive language of my Turkish friend, who felt the force of good strong English slang, "they were incontinently fired out and never allowed in again."

The palaces of the Bosphorus are of white plaster covered with stucco flowers, with latticed windows, and are surrounded by gardens, whose roses filled the air with their fragrance. The Sultan's palace is overladen with ornaments in most debased roccoco style. Around the harem garden was a jealous wall forty feet high.

TURKISH YASHMACK.

Nowhere have I seen such gorgeous glass and bronze footrests for the shoe-blacks. Quite late one night I was awakened by the most exquisite singing. It was evidently a Christian hymn, probably sung from some Greek convent near by.

One evening there was a loud alarm of fire and a tremendous tumult on the street. Companies of soldiers rushed pell-mell with small box-like pumps on their shoulders and a lot of hooks for tearing down the burning building. The latter seemed the most useful operation as thereby the fire was isolated. The pumps seemed utterly inadequate for any useful purpose. The flames burned fierce and high, and the papers next day stated that an old lady was frightened to death. A fire in Constantinople, if it get headway, is an awful scene. Fifty thousand houses have been burned in a few hours. The police are powerless for good. Thieves rush into the houses and rob them, under pretence of

being friends of the family. They have often been known to spread the conflagration by carrying burning coals into dwellings yet unreached by the flames, that they might have opportunity for looting the buildings.

TURKISH CEMETERY.

Of pathetic interest to most English-speaking people will be the suburb of Scutari, where were situated the great hospitals in which so many British soldiers died during the Crimean war. Here the heroism of Florence Nightingale found amplest scope, and in the vast cemeteries near by are interred many thousands of English dead.

One of the most odious types in Constantinople and other Moslem cities is the contemptible Nubian eunuch—see frontispiece. These mean and wretched creatures are seen stalking about with an assumption of dignity which ill befits their calling as guardians of the harems of their Turkish masters. The frontispiece cut is a favourable specimen of this type. Sometimes they wear European dress which only makes their innate ugliness the more ugly.

"LET US GO."

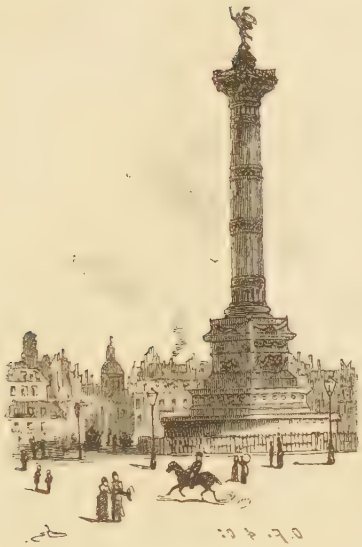
THE Wise Men, when they saw the star,
Made haste to follow where it led;
The shepherds, when they heard the song,
On eager feet to Bethlehem sped.

O watchers on life's lonely wolds!
O toilers in the crowded marts!
To-day the Christ-child waits to bless,
Be swift to take Him to your hearts.

Mary B. Sleight.

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROSS.



COLUMN OF JULY.

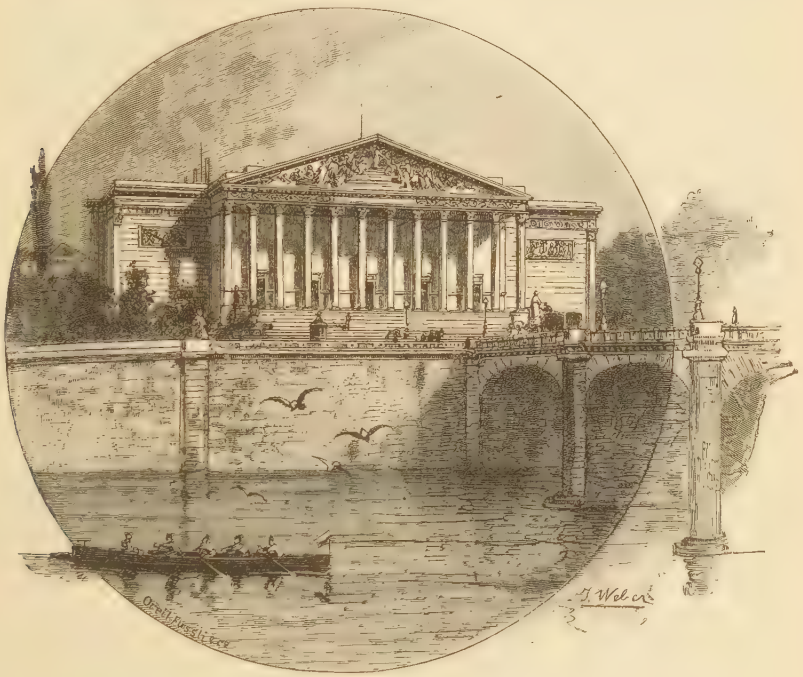
Paris is undoubtedly the most beautiful and fascinating city in the world. Every night the boulevards and avenues are lighted up brilliantly, many of them with the powerful electric burner, which sheds rays almost equal to the light of day. Beneath this glare of gas and electricity passes in never-ending procession an excited and jovial crowd of students, tradesmen, men of means, foreigners of every clime and in the strangest costumes, women of every reputation, artists, tourists, and every other imaginable phase of humanity. To amuse and pander to this motley throng, Paris, with its population of over two millions, has a vast number of places of amusements, cafés and restaurants, which are kept open till the small hours of the morning. All is light, gaiety, and the very excess of luxury. During the victorious days of Napoleon I., when each month brought its fresh laurels and conquests, France reached the zenith of her power and fame; intoxicated with success, the highly cultivated but vain Parisians then gave themselves up to unrestrained self-indulgence.

COLUMN VENDOME.

Saturday is a busy, active day in Paris, but for extravagant gaiety the great fête day of the week is the Sabbath. This day is specially set apart for horse-racing on the Longchamp, the Chantilly, and other famous courses. The gayest balls are in progress during Sunday night

PORTE ST. DENIS, PARIS.—WINTER SCENE.

and Monday morning. Most of the theatres in the city and its suburbs are crowded on this special evening. The hippodrome, the circuses, concert halls, and singing cafés are in full swing. The outlying towns of Versailles, St. Cloud, and Sevres lend their quota of pleasure-seekers; in fact, to see Paris on Sunday night with her nervous, excited throng is a sight most peculiar and disturbing to one accustomed to the more staid and dignified existence of an Englishman. If the history of Paris for the last ninety years were written in the shape of a novel, it would be

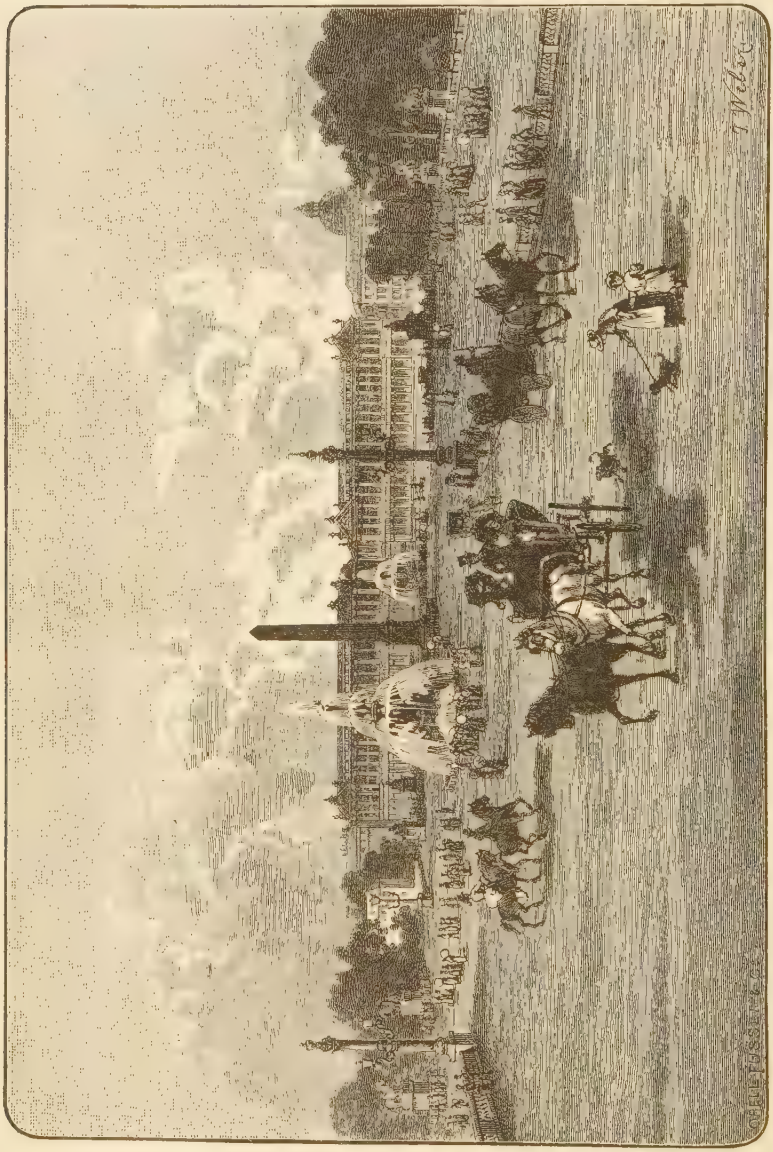


BOURBON PALACE.

scouted and laughed at as too extravagant and impossible a concatenation of events for even such a romancer as Dumas to concoct.

The Place de la Concorde is a noble square, 390 yards long and 235 yards wide, and has been the theatre of the most important episodes in this strange history. This Place is the largest and most beautiful in the city, and probably the finest in the world. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor, similar to, but much larger and better preserved, than Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. At the time of the birth of our Saviour this monolith was 1,500 years old, and then revered as an object of great antiquity. It stood at the gate of an Egyptian temple at Luxor,

and now, after having existed for over 3,000 years, it has been placed in the centre of a magnificent square in the gayest city on the face of the globe.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul, and the ancestors of the modern, dainty Frenchman were running half-naked through the woods, this obelisk graced a city of one of the most learned and powerful

nations of antiquity, but now utterly insignificant and a mere appendage of the weakest and most degraded in Europe. If this wonderful old relic could speak, what a tale of the rise and fall of nations it could tell, and what words of wisdom and warning it could give to the people among whom it has found a temporary resting-place! Round the Place are eight colossal statues, representing the chief cities of France, *including Strasburg*, the latter draped in mourning on account of its capture by the Germans.

HOTEL DE SENS.

Standing upon this spot, the view is the most interesting in Paris. Looking east, up through well-kept gardens, one sees the site of the Imperial Palace of the Tuileries, the ruins of which have been cleared away. There reigned the Emperor Napoleon III., who ruled and modelled Paris with the hand of a despot. His son, the Prince Imperial, was the idol of his father and the pet of the Court, and probably was surrounded by a more magnificent retinue of retainers than any royal prince in Christendom. A few terrible reverses in quick succession sufficed to send both father and son into exile, and both died in comparative obscurity, the latter falling by the cruel Zulu assagai. On the 23rd and 24th of May, 1871, the Tuileries were destroyed by the Communists.

PORTE ST. MARTIN.

Turning round and looking to the west, one sees, a few yards in front, the commencement of the famous Champs Elysées. It is a mile and one-third in length, and ascends till it reaches the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. This arch cost £400,000, and it is the most imposing monument of triumph ever con-

TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE.

structed. The idea of erecting this memorial of victory was conceived by Napoleon I., and is certainly worthy the genius of that marvellous man. It was built in 1836. It is 160 feet high, 146 feet wide, and 72 feet deep. Those who have not seen it can form no idea of its immensity. It derives its name Etoile from its position as the centre whence radiate twelve fine avenues in the form of a *star*. When visiting the place I determined to drive up to the arch and have a careful look at the celebrated bass-relief which adorn its sides. When I arrived on the spot I found a crowd of excited people running to and fro. I asked the cause, and was informed that a short time before a young man had committed suicide by throwing himself from the summit. A dark pool of blood on the pavement marked where he fell. It was a shocking sight, and such as I don't wish ever to see again.

Turning around again to the right, one faces the Rue Royale, at the end of which is the Church of the Madeleine, which cost £520,000. This neighbourhood was the scene of desperate fighting between the Communists and the Government troops. One of the most formidable barricades was erected across the Rue Royale, and when they were finally driven from this position three hundred of the insurgents took refuge in the sanctuary of Madeleine.

The soldiers, after meeting with vigorous resistance, at last effected an entrance, and within the stately walls of this sacred edifice, in the year of grace, 1871, they actually slaughtered in cold blood the whole three hundred of their fellow-citizens at the point of the bayonet.

In the Rue Royale a most diabolical crime was committed at this time. The Communists being defeated at every turn, took their revenge by setting fire to every building of importance to which they could gain access. While the fire was raging, they bribed some firemen to fill the engines with petroleum. This was done and hundreds of barrels were poured into the burning houses, causing indescribable horrors and vast loss of life and property.

I am still standing at the obelisk. Looking towards the south over the Seine, one can see, prominent above everything, the gilded dome (344 feet high, surmounted by a lantern and a cross) of the Hôtel des Invalides. Beneath this dome lie the remains of the most daring and masterly genius that perhaps France, or perhaps any other country, ever produced. From a friendless Corsican exile, Napoleon Bonaparte rose to be the most powerful potentate in Europe, and made each of his brothers a sovereign. There is no parallel in history to the career of this extraordinary man of destiny. Emperors and kings cringed before him, and were glad to obey his bidding. Berlin was entered by the victorious French army, and Russia trembled on hearing of his threatened invasion. England alone was equal to him. Her bulldog tenacity and courage he could never conquer, while the fates seemed to be against the formidable preparations he made to invade the snug little island, and finally the British forces were the cause of his complete overthrow. The tomb is the most superb and impressive I have ever seen; when standing beside it people speak in hushed tones. Something in the solemn atmosphere and presence of the mighty dead seems to forbid either levity or indifference. A mosaic laurel wreath is inlaid round the monumental urn wherein reposes all that is left of "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay." This sarcophagus is of red Finland porphyry, and weighs 135,000 pounds.

The Place de la Concorde, however, in itself, has witnessed some of the most terrible scenes recorded in the whole range of history. In 1770, more than 1,200 persons were crushed to death in the moat which then surrounded the Place, and 2,000 were injured during a panic caused by the accidental discharge of some fireworks, on the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. In 1792, the statue of Louis XV. was melted

by the Convention and coined into pennies. The square was then named Place de la Revolution. Prior to the first Revolution, in

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

1789, the French nation and the Government seem to have been jogging along in a very orthodox sort of way, but upon the breaking out of the people in that year, the demagogues got the upper

THE LOUVRE.

hand. Here was placed the dreadful guillotine, and here was beheaded Louis XVI., his beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, and several others of the royal family. Through the fickleness of the French it was not a year till Danton, one of the chief insurgent leaders, himself met his death on the same spot. A few months afterwards Robespierre, the most cruel and blood-thirsty of the whole lot, had his head shorn off by the same guillotine amidst the jeers and acclamations of all classes of the people. In less than twenty-nine consecutive months more than 2,800 people were publicly butchered by the guillotine.

Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., have all lived adjacent to and taken great pride in this chief of open Places; and during the reign of Louis Philippe the present obelisk—a solid block of rose-coloured granite—was presented to him by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and erected at an expense of two million francs. It was considered a great engineering feat to raise it to its present lofty position, as it is 76 feet high, and weighs 500,000 pounds.

In 1815, after the irrepressible Bonaparte had escaped from Elba and risked his all and lost it at Waterloo, the Place was occupied by the British forces under Wellington. In March, 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, the armies of the German invaders encamped on the same ground. The last chapter of the story is probably the most unhappy one of all. It was brother fighting against brother, and father against son. The Communists in May, 1871, took their stand here, and large numbers were slaughtered without mercy. The Place as it looks to-day, however, would never suggest anything but feelings of admiration. It should be

viewed both in the daytime and at night—by day to get the extensive view, while by night in every direction, east, west, south and north, can be seen myriads of gas jets, while the many places of amusement, even more brilliantly lighted up, and the moving carriages, with their different coloured lights, add greatly to its beauty. A walk about nine p.m. over the adjacent bridge spanning the Seine will repay any visitor to Paris. Here, in addition to the above view, can be seen the swift little steamers with blue and red lamps, and the splendid white stone Palace of the Trocadero, with its two lofty towers, from its lofty position looking like a huge beacon light.

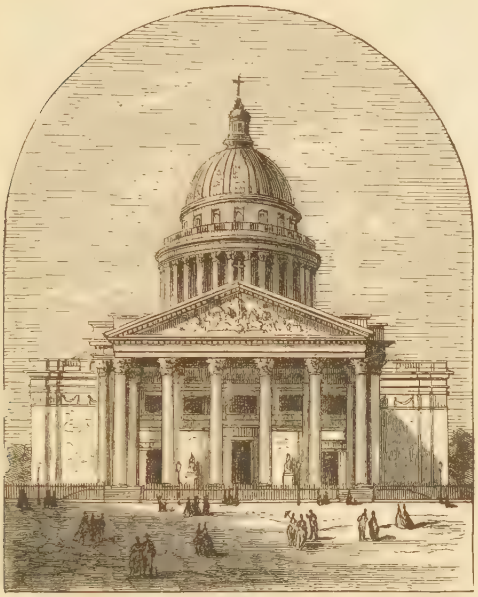
I was rather amused at an incident which occurred one evening while in Paris. I was in a shop with a friend, who rather prided himself on his ability to speak French and his delicate Parisian accent. He spoke quite volubly to the shop-woman for a couple of minutes, but a vacant look was in her eyes. With most winning politeness she requested him not to continue speaking to her in English as she did not understand the language, but if Monsieur would only speak in French she would be so much obliged, and be pleased to wait on him.

NOTRE DAME.

The capital of France is the rendezvous in Europe for the leaders and students of the professions, the arts, and the sciences. The Ecole des Beaux Arts is attended by over 500 pupils. Here the lucky fellow who succeeds in carrying off the first prize for painting, sculpture, or architecture, is sent to Rome for further study, for four years at the expense of the French Government.

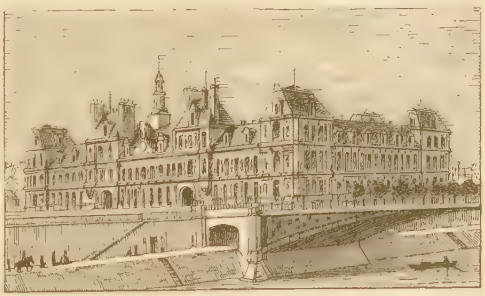
The University of Sorbonne, which for over 200 years has been the most celebrated seat of learning in France, offers *gratis*, lectures on law, medicine, mathematics, natural science, the classics, history and theology, by the best professors in Europe. Neither Cambridge nor Oxford will bear a favourable comparison with the Sorbonne in respect of freedom of higher education to the great masses of the people. At the head of this admirable system, stands the *Institut de France*, which consists of a body of the most distinguished scholars, statesmen, lawyers, painters,

sculptors, musicians, and philosophers of France, whose object at their periodical meetings is to promote by discussion and more tangible assistance the general prosperity of the higher branches of learning in the State. To be one of the 225 members of the Institute is the longed-for goal to which every man of ambition, from the struggling artist to the wealthy aristocrat, directs his eyes.



PANTHEON.

Among the libraries of the world the National Library—*Bibliothéque Nationale*—stands first, and that of the British Museum second. This vast collection of *three million* books is opened practically free, and any student may explore its priceless treasures. I will not advert to the picture galleries of the Louvre, also open gratis to the public, and whose salons are nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, nor to its galleries of sculpture, as the slightest notice would far transgress the limit of my paper.

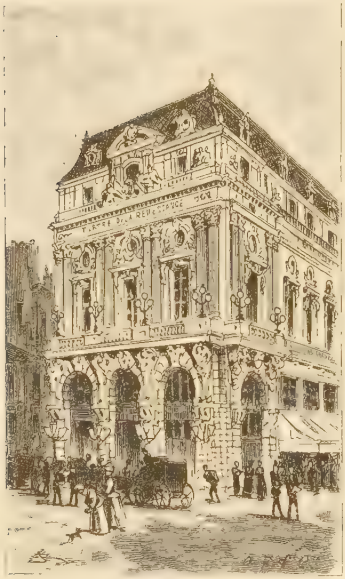


HOTEL DE VILLE.

Rather an interesting place to visit is the Bourse. Here between twelve and three every day can be seen the stock-broking business of Paris. From the gallery is the best place to view the wild scene beneath—a crazier-looking lot of mortals I don't think get between the four walls of a building. In a small circular enclosure near the end of the room are the sworn and duly enrolled brokers. Outside of this barrier are collected a miscellaneous crowd of stock-jobbers, etc., who each instructs his

broker within to buy or sell certain stock. When he has received his instructions, he hurries to the inner circle and shouts at the very top of his voice, accompanying this fearful row with violent gesticulations. He wants to purchase or dispose of stock, but he looks like a maniac. This is only one of the many hundreds beneath, who are each trying to see who can shout the loudest. The din can be distinctly heard across the street from the Bourse, notwithstanding the noise of carriages and pedestrians.

Every tourist who comes here makes it a point to go out to Versailles. The town is eleven and a quarter miles from Paris.



LA RENAISSANCE.

Versailles Palace was occupied by the King of Prussia and his staff from 19th September, 1870, to 6th March, 1871. In connection with this occupation, one of the rooms is particularly interesting—the Galerie des Glaces, which was built by the splendour-loving Louis XIV., the grand monarque, is 240 feet long, 33 feet wide, and 42 feet high, and is the most magnificent room in the palace. Here, on the 18th of January, 1871, the German States, without a dissenting voice, called upon the Prussian monarch to be their Emperor, and here in the midst of the hostile French, in the midst of his faithful army, in the atmosphere of war and victory, the veteran soldier-king received his reward.

One of the most interesting places in Paris is the Hôtel de Cluny. Here the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus in the third century founded a palace, the vast baths of which are still in good preservation. Here Julian was proclaimed Emperor in 360, and here the early Frankish monarchs resided. On the site of the palace, the monks of Cluny, in the 15th century, built the present exquisite mediæval abbey which became again the residence of the sovereigns of France. It is now one of the most interesting museums of mediæval relics in the world. In the very heart of the crowded and busy city one may lounge in the quaint old monkish garden or explore the still older Roman baths, carrying one back to the very dawn of Gallic history.

Along some of the boulevards may still be seen some of the

ancient gates, as the picturesque Porte St. Denis, as shown in the frontispiece to this article. The difficulties of winter locomotion are well exhibited in the engraving. Another of these old gates is the Porte St. Martin, shown on page 539. The most impressive building in Paris is the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, and the finest view of this is, we think, the rear, showing the flying buttresses on which the noble pile is sustained. When in Paris last June, the Editor of this magazine climbed the steps of the lofty tower and heard the great bell toll, which seemed to shake the very earth, and on the gallery made the close acquaintance of the grim and grinning gargoyles and monstrous figures, seemingly the disordered creation of the monkish architect's nightmare.

HOTEL CARNAVALET.

The modern churches, the Madeleine, the Pantheon, and Des Invalides are, with their classic architecture, more like Pagan temples than like Christian churches, but the interiors are very impressive notwithstanding. The new Hôtel de Ville is a stately structure built upon the site and upon the model of the old structure demolished by the frenzied passion of the Communists.

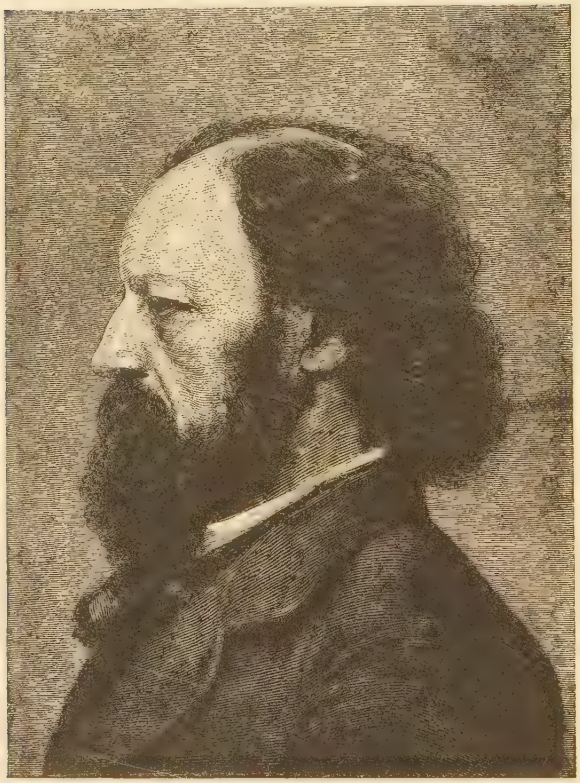
The word 'hôtel' in Paris does not mean, as with us, a public caravansary, but a private mansion or residence, or, in some cases, an historic building now used as a museum, as the 'Hôtel Carnavalet' and the 'Hôtel de Sens,' and the 'Hôtel de Cluny,' already described.

HOTEL DE CLUNY.

The general style of street architecture strikes us as generally overdone, with too ornate decoration. The Parisians are fond of historic monuments, and almost every square is embellished with those noble structures. Of this sort are the Column of July, on the site of the Bastile, and the Vendome Column, erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I., which was pulled down by the Communists and since restored to its former magnificence.—*Reprinted in part from the "New Connexion Magazine."*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY MISS MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.



LORD TENNYSON.

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him !
Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears !
Not for him who has died full of honour and years !
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.
—*N. P. Willis.*

Twice within a few weeks have we on both sides of the sea been called to mourn for a departed bard. In the early days of autumn, Whittier, the poet-militant of America, laid down the earthly lyre to take up the heavenly harp, and before the hush of grief was broken, England's laureate had followed his brother poet, leaving us to mourn the last great singer gone.

Alfred Tennyson, the subject of this sketch, was born the same

year as his life-long friend William Ewart Gladstone, in Somersby, Lincolnshire, 1809. His early life was passed amid the gentle and wholesome influences of a country rectory. In 1829, while at college, he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem of two hundred and fifty lines on the subject "Timbuctoo." This was followed by a volume of "Poems by Two Brothers," which Alfred and his brother Charles published privately.

While still an undergraduate, Alfred Tennyson brought out a little book of about one hundred and fifty pages, entitled "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." It contained some pieces that are now well-known, as "Claribel," "Airy, Fairy Lilian," "The Mermaid" and "The Merman," "Mariana," "Madeline," and "The Dying Swan." These poems show much of that artistic diction and the exquisite rhythm which characterized his later poetry. Some of them, for instance, the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," have scarcely been surpassed in these respects.

TENNYSON'S BIRTH-PLACE, SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

In 1833 Tennyson brought out his second volume, containing "Œnone," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Lady of Shalott," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The May Queen," "The Lotos-Eaters," "The Palace of Art," and others. Its new poems show a great advance over those of the first series, and the second volume, though like the first, severely criticised, merited censure far less. And then the author published no more for nine years, but took time for his powers to develop.

The third series contained some of the old poems altered and revised, and some magnificent new ones. Of these a few are still founded on legendary and mythical subjects, as "Ulysses," "Godiva," "Morte d'Arthur," "Sir Galahad," and "St. Simeon Stylites." But others, such as "The Gardener's Daughter," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Love and Duty," "Locksley Hall," "The Lord of Burleigh," "The Two Voices," and "The Vision of Sin," deal directly and forcibly with modern, social, and moral problems.

After five years more, he published "The Princess; a Medley,"

—a half-serious, half-playful presentation in blank verse of a social theory. There is much deep wisdom underlying this poem, but so fanciful is it, so do the jest and the earnest, the satirical and the mock-heroic, blend and intermingle in it, there is little wonder the critics were in despair to know what to make of it. Taking it for what it is, an attempt to treat the relations of man and woman with playful and good-natured satire, and at the same time to preserve an undertone of serious thought, it will be found beautiful, graceful, altogether bewitching, and something more.

In 1850 Tennyson published, at first anonymously, his great poem or poems, "In Memoriam." This masterpiece had been ripening in wisdom and beauty for seventeen years, since the death of the poet's friend, Arthur Hallam, whose loss it was intended to celebrate. In this poem the emotional violence of grief is held in restraint, while the subtler, spiritual and moral effects of bereavement are presented in the strong, clear light of the true poet's vision. Not only the deepest sentiments of love and sorrow are expressed in sweet harmonious form, but the profoundest problems of theology are handled, and the conflict of intellectual doubt with passionate, intuitive faith is powerfully illustrated.

The opening passages of "In Memoriam" are the strongest and finest, and have already been quoted in these pages.

Other verses are almost as grand in their significance and sustained harmony:

> My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live for evermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And so the Word had breath and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds,
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought.

Some of the poems of which "In Memoriam" is composed are as familiar as household rhymes; for example, that spirit-stirring song beginning, "Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky."

The same year that "In Memoriam" was published, Wordsworth died, and Tennyson was made poet-laureate. He proved a glorious successor to the first great poet of the century. But his first work after receiving the laurel was, to say the least, disappointing.

In 1855 he published "Maud, and Other Poems." "Maud" is a modern progressive poem, whose misanthropic hero reminds us of the unpleasant Byronic hero of the last generation. Some have considered the poem to have an allegorical significance, but even that could not redeem its faults of incoherence and incongruity.

In 1859 appeared a portion of "Idylls of the King." The "Idylls" are a series of poems on a subject peculiarly attractive to a mind like Tennyson's, and one which he had for years been

meditating—the legends of King Arthur. In these poems we have the foundation of the finest epic of the last two centuries.

The "Morte d'Arthur," or "The Passing of Arthur," gives the key to the *motif* of the whole conception, and declares at the same time the reverent and devout religious attitude of Tennyson himself. England's late laureate was a truer poet because his mind was open to the reality of man's spiritual existence. In the "Morte d'Arthur" the liberal and broad-sighted Christian poet answers the complaints as to the decline of faith before the advance of science and independent thought:

> And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
> Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
> I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
> If thou shouldst never see my face again,
> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

In later years Tennyson devoted his pen largely to dramatic composition. In this, however, he was not successful. "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket" are too lacking in incident and action.

Tennyson was distinctively a representative of the age in which he has lived. He ever kept abreast of the learning and science of the age. Why is it that "In Memoriam" occupies the position that is accorded to it in the literature of the nineteenth century? Not alone, and not chiefly, because it is the sweetest and most poetic expression in our language of a poet's grief for a dead

friend, but because it is the poet's profoundest utterance regarding the reality of the human soul, and the questions of life, death, and immortality, now so vehemently discussed by philosopher and scientist as well as by theologian. In this, as in other poems, he proves himself not only the inspired bard, but the intellectual thinker, whose mind apprehends the problems and complexities of modern life. He rejoices in the triumphs of scientific research and physical discovery. He is the poet of progress and development, and in thought and expression is attuned to the dominant spirit of the age, recognizing and appreciating the intricacies, the difficulties, the dangers, and the promise of these times of so-called advanced thought. This broad sympathy has had probably as much to do with his unequalled popularity among thinkers as any other element in his poetry.

Tennyson was more a lyric than an epic or didactic poet. Who could be insensible to the charm of the soft lullaby, "Sweet and Low," in "The Princess"? Or, most beautiful of all lyrics, the exquisite "Bugle Song," beginning:

> The splendour falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story.

Almost as perfect, though so different, is the little maid's song in "Guinevere":

> Late, late, so late.

A right ringing, joyous strain is Enid's song of "Fortune and Her Wheel," and quite as beautiful is the soft minor melody:

> Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

The delicious melodies which seem forever lilting in the mind of the poet, are among his best inspirations. Every child knows and loves that graceful, liquid, tuneful song of "The Brook," with its haunting refrain:

> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever.

And the best passage in the whole poem of "Maud," is the lover's song:

> Come into the garden, Maud.

"The Princess," particularly, is full of these charming melodies, some pensive and sad, as "Tears, Idle Tears," others full of a light, rippling music, as "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south."

All these songs illustrate the power of creating word-music which so distinguishes Tennyson. No poet has ever more richly demonstrated the capabilities of language for music and picture making. Such is the description in "The Lotos-Eaters" of "the land where it seemed always afternoon"; such the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights"; such "St. Agnes' Eve." Perhaps there

is no more striking example of this quality than the lines from "Sir Galahad":

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountâin-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

Tennyson also excelled in delineation, and has given us many exquisite pen-portraits. Take, for instance, that of Aphrodite, in the Hellenic poem, "Œnone," beginning "Idalian Aphrodite beautiful;" or, the picture of the gardener's daughter, or of Ida, in "The "Princess," or of the sleeping beauty in "The Day Dream," or of the fair Enid, "all in faded silk," or of Sir Galahad, whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure," or, purest and most fair and fine of all, the picture of Elaine, "the lily-maid of Astolat," who, in her barge, "palled all its length in blackest samite," steered by the dumb old servitor,

. . . . went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

Of the earlier poems, a deserved favourite is the "Dream of Fair Women," with its pictures of Helen of Troy, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Jephtha's daughter, Jane Clifford, Margaret Roper, and the brave wife of Edward I., woven into music sweet and grand as the peal of an anthem.

But among so many that are beautiful, there is one poem among the lyrics which should receive the palm. I mean that magnificent

hymn of human progress, "Locksley Hall." Its theme seems to be expressed in a few lines near the end:

> Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

The hero of the poem, early disappointed in his love for a shallow-hearted cousin, instead of being dwarfed in spirit by the bitterness and hopelessness of his grief, finds new and rich resources in a life of action, and cheer and inspiration in splendid anticipations of progress for humanity. In this poem nearly all of Tennyson's great powers are displayed at their best. For an example of picturesque description, we could ask nothing more exquisite than the following:

> Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
> Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.
>
> Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fireflies, tangled in a silver braid.

And for music:

> Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
>
> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

But better and grander than these is the forward reaching philosophy to which the poem gives utterance:

> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
> And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
>
> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
> Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

The sequel to "Locksley Hall," which appeared in 1886 under the title, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," is a poem with much of the strength, but little of the freshness and compelling power of the former. It is an old man's protest, vigorous and almost impatient, against the irreverence and lawlessness of an age of unrest.

One of the features noticeable in Tennyson's writings is a certain calmness and repose, a tendency to deal with his subjects in a state of rest. His most rapid and stirring passage is to be found in the tournament scene at the close of the fifth book of "The Princess." The familiar "Charge of the Light Brigade" has also a vigorous movement, but impetuosity and vehemence are not characteristic of Tennyson's art. There is a trace of conservatism in his genius as in his politics and religion. He had the poet's gift of song, but not the poet's frenzy nor any uncurbed enthusiasm. He possessed his genius, not it him.

Our late laureate lived to be an old man. It is clear that his

genius long since passed its fullest prime. His later poems as a body are manifestly without the vigour and import of those produced in his best period, that is, from 1842 to 1860. But what a rich and fruitful old age was his, nevertheless. At the age of eighty, his fingers were still upon the harp-strings, and the music he drew forth was sweet and pure.

Of his late poems, by which I mean those published within the last dozen years, the strongest and finest are "The Wreck," "Despair," "The First Quarrel," and a second elegiac poem called "Vastness." These demonstrate the steady radiance of his genius, enhanced by the ripeness of his wisdom.

The two most recent volumes which Tennyson gave us were "Demeter, and Other Poems," 1890, and "The Foresters," 1891. At the close of "Demeter" is a little poem, which in these days of mourning for the last great poet of our time, must have recurred to many minds as his farewell word. In the serene and golden sunset of his life our aged Christian poet calmly sang his faith:

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me:
> And may there be no moaning of the bar,
> When I put out to sea. . . . .
>
> For though from out our bourne of Time and Place,
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
> When I have crossed the bar.

On the 6th of October, 1892, the clear call came and Tennyson crossed the bar. It was a departure without fear, without regret. What Christian heart can doubt that he has seen his "Pilot face to face"?

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. L. G. M'VEAN.

> The shepherds pillowed on the sod,
> Weary with watching, and forlorn,
> Heard sweet-voiced angels praising God,
> And saw a radiance like the morn,
> The night the blessed Christ was born.
>
> And though our ears are dull to hear,
> Our hearts so slow to learn again,
> The angels still are singing clear
> The same song they were singing then,
> Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

BY MISS MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

FAR in the Pacific Ocean, south-east of the Polynesian Archipelago, lies a small, solitary, rock-surrounded island, which, practically cut off from the rest of the world, is now the home of a civilized, Christian, English-speaking people, with a strange, romantic story. The history of Pitcairn Island, for so this lonely rock is called, covers a period of scarcely more than one hundred years. Its issue has indeed been determined by a wise and loving Providence, but its beginning was one of darkness and sin.

In the year 1787, the British Government, desiring to introduce the bread-fruit tree into the West India Colonies, sent out the ship *Bounty* to Tahiti for the purpose of collecting young plants. The *Bounty* was in command of Lieutenant William Bligh, a young English admiral, who, under Captain Cook, had already made a voyage around the world. The officers of the crew were Englishmen of good birth and brilliant prospects. All of them were young, and one, Peter Heywood, was a boy of fourteen.

The friends of these gallant youths witnessed their departure with eager anticipations, almost equal to the ardent and buoyant spirits of the lads themselves. The position of midshipman in the Royal Navy was one to be coveted, and appointment to the ship's company of the *Bounty* and the connection with Lieutenant Bligh were considered in the light of an honourable preferment. Far different indeed would have been the scene had anyone been able to forecast the future, and read the singular fate awaiting the *Bounty* and her crew.

Ten months were consumed in the voyage to Tahiti. Six more were passed on the island, and then the ship, with her cargo of over a thousand young bread-fruit plants, sailed for Jamaica. But long before this, seeds of dissatisfaction had fallen into the hearts of the crew. These rapidly germinated and now began to bear ill fruit.

Where the fault lay in the beginning it is impossible to judge after so long a lapse of time. Perhaps not even then could it have been traced to a definite source. What we know is that the officers of the *Bounty* were disappointed in their commander, Lieutenant Bligh, and became violently discontented. That this may not have been without ground is indicated by a disinterested contemporary, who describes Bligh as a man of an irritable and passionate disposition and of a most suspicious turn of mind, whose profane language and harsh conduct were alike offensive to his subordinates.

Bitter and resentful feelings culminated in the high crime of mutiny. On the 28th of April in 1789, Fletcher Christian, the mate of the *Bounty,* with a portion of the crew, unable longer to endure the tyrannical treatment of the superior officer, took the ship, and set the captain and eighteen men adrift in the launch.

Expostulations and entreaties, mingled with promises on the part of Bligh and the men who were with him, were unavailing. Thus adrift in a small boat in the open sea, without map or sextant, and with but a scanty supply of provisions, the prospect before them was most grim and terrible. Yet after undergoing frightful hardships and having overcome countless difficulties and discouragements, Bligh and his companions finally reached England in safety, without the loss of a single man.

The report of the mutiny was officially made, and as soon as possible after Bligh's arrival, the *Pandora*, a frigate of twenty-four guns and one hundred and sixty men, was despatched to search for the *Bounty* and the mutineers.

WRECK OF THE "PANDORA."

In the meantime the mutineers turned the course of the *Bounty* back to Tahiti. There Christian, already a great favourite with the natives, who disliked Bligh, still further ingratiated himself and collected some live stock and provisions. When the vessel again put to sea, there were on board, in addition to the ship's company, nine Tahitian men, twelve women and eight boys, most of whom in their desire to sail with the Englishmen had secreted themselves in the ship.

Upon Fletcher Christian the command of the vessel devolved, and although he was strict and almost stern in his administration of the ship, he ever preserved the respect of all on board for his justice. Yet there was not uninterrupted harmony among the men. Some of the mariners retained on board had taken no active part in the mutiny, and these were regarded by the others with distrust and aversion. The spirit of all underwent a gradual transformation as they realized the significance of their rash act. By the crime of mutiny they had forever cut themselves off from the hope of a return to their native land, where only disgrace and the felon's death awaited them.

Arriving at the island of Toubonai, Christian, in the face of some opposition from the natives, and after several battles, determined to settle there. New murmurings and complications soon arose, and those of the *Bounty's* people who had not been concerned in the mutiny announced their determination to leave the island The general wish was for a return to Tahiti, where the company might separate.

After much discussion an agreement was made, the terms of which are stated in the journal of one of the members of the crew. He writes: "It was agreed that those who went ashore at Tahiti should have arms, ammunition, and part of everything on board, the ship to be left in charge of Mr. Christian, in a proper condition to go to sea, with the sails, tackle, and furniture.

When Tahiti was reached, eight men, with three Tahitians, their wives, and the infant daughter of one of them, determined to throw in their fortunes with Christian. The rest, numbering sixteen, went on shore. Among these was the lad Heywood. Christian warned them of the certainty of an expedition being made in search of them, and advised them with much earnestness, should any ship of war appear, to give themselves up at once to the commander. He completely exonerated all from any complicity in the mutiny, adding that he alone was responsible for the act.

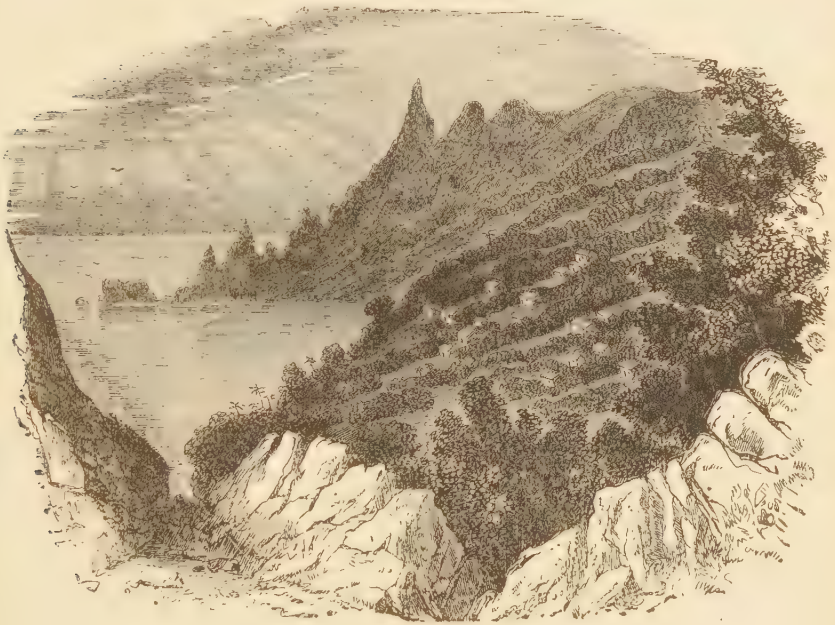
After Christian and his little company on the *Bounty* again left Tahiti, the sixteen who had remained divided into parties and took up their residence in different parts of the island. They did not, however, wish to remain there, and some of them conceived the idea of building a small vessel in which they might sail toward England without waiting until a ship should be sent to search for the mutineers. Four of the number were skilled workmen; the rest agreed to do the rough labour, and with the rudest material and a few small tools they undertook to construct a ship. Even this had to be done under the pretext of providing a pleasure boat in which to sail around the island, so averse were the natives to any intimation of departure on the part of their recently made guests.

RAFT WITH SURVIVORS OF THE "PANDORA."

Three months of arduous labour were spent in this enterprise. The ship was finally launched, christened the *Resolution,* and set out on her trial trip. This cruise witnessed the abandonment of the hope which had sustained the men through so many weeks of toil—the *Resolution* proved unfit to carry them to Batavia, whence they had intended to proceed to England. Another year passed. Then unexpectedly came the end of the enforced exile. The *Pandora* reached Tahiti, and without waiting for her to land, the eager men, observing her to be a British vessel, hastened to her in canoes, and presented themselves on board, telling the commander at once who they were.

They were promptly placed in irons and subjected to the most rigorous and painful treatment, instead of receiving the courtesy and consideration due, by common consent, to prisoners awaiting trial. This was in the latter part of March, 1791. On the 29th of May the *Pandora* sailed from Tahiti, intending to make a close search among the islands for the rest of the mutineers. After three months, during which the sufferings of the prisoners were indescribable, this search was terminated. On the 28th of August

a storm disabled the vessel, and at day-break on the 29th the *Pandora* was abandoned. Four of the prisoners and thirty-one of the *Pandora's* crew were drowned, the rest reached the Dutch settlement at Timor, and after a protracted voyage at length reached England. Four years and four months had elapsed since the departure of the *Bounty* with her gallant and hopeful crew. The ten prisoners were now tried by court-martial. Three were acquitted, being able to prove that they were detained on board against their will; the rest were found guilty of mutiny, but two, Peter Heywood and James Morrison, whose journal we have quoted, were strongly recommended to mercy because of mitigating circumstances. The remainder suffered the extreme penalty of the law.



BOUNTY BAY, PITCAIRN ISLAND.

And thus, so far as was known for many years, ended the act which had been so full of bitterness in its inception, so dire and fateful in its consequences.

But what of Christian and his little company who had kept to the *Bounty?* Very sad, very full of gloom is the remainder of the tale, for it is but natural that misery and woe should be the portion of the small band of outlawed men who were held together by no bond save the consciousness of having been sharers in a common passion and a common crime. At a time when the attention of all Europe was absorbed in the series of naval and military events which distinguished the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, the

little band of mutineers was soon forgotten in England, save by the few friends who had suffered the keenest anguish on their account, but the story was not yet ended.

Leaving Tahiti, the *Bounty,* now carrying eighteen natives, six men and twelve women, came upon a little rocky isle, bordered on every side by beetling precipices and surrounded by almost fathomless seas, with no harbour. Here Christian and his eight followers found their last refuge. The island had been discovered by Carteret in 1767, and named Pitcairn by him, but had never afterward been visited by Europeans until occupied by the mutineers. It is very small, containing in all but about one and a quarter square miles, and is remarkably isolated.

"What a little speck it appears in the vast Pacific (wrote one in a letter long after), a mere rock, apparently incapable of resisting the mighty waves of so vast an ocean. Easily, indeed, would a ship, not knowing its exact position, miss it. The mutineers might well deem themselves secure on so small an island, so remotely situated. At that time, also, these seas were but little frequented. Even *now*, to form an idea of their vast extent, notwithstanding the thousands of vessels that are trading on it, we have seen only one ship at sea, and our track measures 4,500 miles."

Lonely as the islet is, however, and rugged and precipitous as is its exterior, its interior is a paradise of beauty, with its lovely valleys, its palm forests, and its tropical flora.

Christian surveyed the island and divided it into nine portions, reserving one to himself and dividing the rest among his companions. He then removed every available article from the *Bounty,* including her planks, nails and bolts, and on the 23rd of January, 1790, set fire to the hull and sunk the remains in a little cove which still bears the name of Bounty Bay.

For three years the fugitives and their companions lived on the island in peace, but it is not wonderful that concord could not continue among them. Trouble broke out when one of the white men took the wife of one of the Tahitians, his own wife having been killed by a fall from the cliffs. This led to a series of violent altercations in which Christian and four other Englishmen were killed. In retaliation, or from motives of self-defence, the four remaining white men conceived the plot of killing all the Tahitian men, which was carried out. A brief period of quiet followed, but McCoy, one of the mutineers, who had in his youth been employed in a distillery in Scotland, after a series of experiments, succeeded in extracting an ardent spirit from the ti-root, and from that time he and Quintal, the most ignorant and depraved of the party, were in a state of constant intoxication. McCoy, in a fit of delirium tremens, threw himself from a rock and was killed. The two remaining Englishmen believed themselves compelled to put Quintal to death in order to secure their own lives.

These two men, Alexander Smith and Edward Young, with a few helpless women and children were now the only survivors and inhabitants of Pitcairn's lonely rock. They had been among the actors in an awful and tragic drama, the participants in much

evil-doing, but their consciences were not yet utterly destroyed. They resolved to amend their lives, and so far as possible atone for the wrong of the past. Christian, during the latter years of his life, had been a diligent student of the Bible and prayer-book. Since his death they had not been used, but they were now sought for daily, morning and evening prayers were instituted, and the young people and children were regularly instructed. Early in the year 1800, only thirteen years after the sailing of the *Bounty* from England, Young also died, and Smith was the sole surviving Englishman on the island.

Dark with violence and bloodshed had been the history of the colonization of Pitcairn Island up to this time, but at last began to dawn a day of peace and benignant conditions for its inhabitants.

Alexander Smith, still fearing detection and its consequences, changed his name for that of John Adams. He lived to old age, and by his upright life and fatherly care over the little colony, won the respect and love of all. In 1808, Captain Folger, an American, touched at Pitcairn Island, and then for the first time the fate of the *Bounty* became known. Folger reported his discovery to the British Government, but there is no record of any steps being taken towards the apprehension of Smith, now known as John Adams.

Occasionally during the first half of this century, British vessels visited Pitcairn. They found that the descendants of the mutineers had developed, under the pure example and wise instructions of Adams, into a virtuous, amiable community. Gradually the population became too great for the little island, and in 1831 the people, now numbering eighty-seven, were, at their own request, transported to Tahiti by the British Government.

It is a singular fact that they had become so far elevated, that they were disgusted with the immorality of their Tahitian kinsfolk, and in nine months most of them returned to Pitcairn, largely at their own expense, which was met in part by the copper bolts of the *Bounty,* so long preserved.

In 1839 they requested to be taken under the protection of Great Britain. Captain Elliott, whose ship was then at Pitcairn, took possession of the island in the name of Her Majesty, gave the islanders a Union Jack, and drew up for them a code of laws, recognizing, however, their self-elected magistrate as the responsible governor.

In 1855 the numbers again became too great for the island, which was not very fertile. With their own consent, though reluctantly given in some cases, they were removed to the larger and more productive Norfolk Island, which had formerly been a convict station.

Some were disappointed in the outcome of the change, and in 1859, two families, numbering seventeen persons, returned again to Pitcairn Island, where they and their children still reside. In 1863 another party of from twenty-five to thirty souls also returned.

The condition of the Pitcairn islanders is a unique fact in

modern times. Steam, electricity, and advancing science have so established connection between all parts of the world that isolated communities have almost ceased to exist, while with every year civilization becomes more complex. But here on this rock in the Pacific is a small community which lies out of the path of advancement. What we call modern progress has passed it by. Civilized the people are, indeed, and Christian, yet living in the most primitive simplicity.

Literature bearing upon their history and condition is very meagre. Nearly forty years ago an article in *Blackwood's Magazine,* entitled "A Paradise in the Pacific," gave a brief outline of the history down to 1853. Two books, "Pitcairn Island," by Murray, and "The Mutineers of the *Bounty,*" by Lady Belcher, contain the fullest accounts published. Byron, in an unimportant poem entitled "The Island; or, Christian and his Companions," makes use of the story of the mutineers. A few later magazine articles, short, and frequently contradictory, with the materials already mentioned, have been almost our only sources of information on this subject, and but a small proportion of English-speaking people are even aware of the existence of this extraordinary little community and its strange history.

In 1890 the Boston *Transcript* published a letter from Miss Rosalind Young, one of the islanders, and about a year ago, the *Overland Monthly,* California, contained a series of very charming letters written by the same young lady to an American lady who had made her acquaintance while stopping with a vessel, on which she was making a voyage, at Pitcairn.

Miss Young is the daughter of the present clergyman on the island, and is herself the teacher of the children there. She has never been off the island in her life, but her letters indicate a remarkable degree of culture. A few of them, which have never been published, lie before the writer at the present time. They are traced in an exquisite and lady-like hand-writing, and are correct and graceful in expression.

The average population of the island was, at the last account, about one hundred souls, "a rapidly increasing population," writes Miss Young. They are a remarkably simple-hearted, unaffected, and affectionate people. A letter from the wife of Bishop Selwyn describes their personal appearance as follows: "They are chiefly pale, dark-eyed little mortals, though some have more of the English type about them; their glossy hair is always neat, braided in the front, and made up into a peculiar knot of their own invention behind." Conventionalities are scarcely known among them. They all address one another, and even their rare chance visitors, by their Christian names, without thought of disrespect. All are like brothers and sisters.

To strangers they are warmly hospitable, often going out in boats to greet a vessel as soon as it comes in sight, and returning to the ship with their guests when the latter are obliged to leave.

The mode of life on Pitcairn Island is of course extremely

simple. The people are frugal and industrious. The most of their food is produced on the island. In the field work the women sometimes assist, especially when rain follows a long dry season, since it is important to have the crops planted before the ground becomes dry again.

The principal products of the island are yams, bananas, pine-apples, cocoanuts, bread-fruit, and oranges, but Indian corn, sweet and Irish potatoes, and sugar-cane are successfully cultivated. Little flesh food is used as it is procured with difficulty, but some live stock, including fowls and pigs, is raised on the island.

A rough kind of cloth is manufactured from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree, and this is the staple material for clothes and bedding. Two or three years ago a sewing machine was brought to Pitcairn from Tahiti, of which abundant use has been made by the women.

The houses, of which there are fifteen or sixteen, are small, low cottages, gable-roofed and thatched.

The houses and gardens are separated from one another by hedges of pineapple plants, which, with their stiff, prickly leaves, effectively keep out—not human intruders, for against such no barrier is needed—but fowls and other live stock which might prove troublesome.

The climate is for the most part very healthful. Once a year, Miss Young writes, the people are generally visited by a malady, which, from her description, must bear a singular resemblance to our "grippe."

The religious character of the islanders has been faithfully maintained. When John Adams (Alexander Smith) died, he was succeeded in the pastoral office by George H. Nobbs, a sea-faring man who wished to retire to a quiet life of usefulness on the island. In 1852 Mr. Nobbs went to England, and was ordained by the Bishop of London as chaplain of Pitcairn Island. The present pastor, since 1869, is Simon Young, a descendant of Edward Young, one of the two mutineers who died a natural death on the island.

The people now incline to the Methodist persuasion. They have a little white-painted church, with three glass windows, simple decorations of illuminated text cards, and now containing an organ, the gift of Queen Victoria. The organ, in which the islanders take great pride, is said to be an uncommonly good one. Above the key-board is a silver plate, bearing the inscription: "A Present from the Queen to her Loyal and Loving Pitcairn Island Subjects, in Appreciation of their Domestic Virtues."

In one end of the church is the library, consisting of books supplied by friends in different parts of the world. Gifts of papers, books and magazines, are received with enthusiastic and unaffected gratitude by the inhabitants. And though their literary resources are so meagre, they are by no means an illiterate people. The children and young people are regularly instructed by Miss Young and her father, the pastor.

In a letter now before me, written in acknowledgment of a

parcel of books, pictures, and small ornaments sent to Pitcairn Island by a party of college girls in New England, Miss Young says:

"I think I should be perfectly bewildered at the amount of studies necessary for a thorough and finished education. Whenever the thought

DAUGHTERS OF THE REV. G. H. NOBBS, OF PITCAIRN ISLAND.

of *that* subject comes into my mind, I find myself ardently wishing that I might have had the privilege and advantage of a sound education in the many useful branches, so as to enable me to teach the young children here. But I am not competent to do anything for them except to teach them to read and write."

If, however, Miss Young's pupils become able to express themselves in as correct and easy English, and with as beautiful a script as her own, they would compare very favourably with most American and Canadian young people of the writer's acquaintance.

Miss Young herself is remarkably conversant with some of the best of English literature. She, as well as others of the islanders, is familiar with Milton, Scott, and Dickens. She has been interested in the theory of evolution, and speaks of her relish of "any little article on Darwinism." Of Darwin, however, she speaks in crisp language of no admiration, and frankly expresses her explicit belief in the Mosaic account of the creation.

The generosity of the Pitcairners and their eagerness to confer a kindness is shown by the fact that while any reading matter is welcomed among them so enthusiastically, they have several times given away books, including several volumes of Dickens, to people on board vessels who they thought had greater need of them. This unselfish good-will is a prominent trait among the natives of the island. The successive pastors have earnestly and successfully striven to inculcate a spirit of true benevolence.

Love of music seems to be inherent in the nature of the Pitcairn islanders, and they have received sufficient instruction to be able to sing well in parts. They are most familiar with sacred music, and the songs of the Moody and Sankey collection are their favourites. It is a pleasing custom of theirs when guests are leaving the island, to accompany them to the ship and remain some time on board singing.

How eagerly these isolated people welcome the advent of a vessel we can but faintly realize. It is only by such a chance arrival that they are able to keep up any communication with the rest of the world. Every scrap of news is received with the greatest avidity, and the interest which the islanders take in the affairs of nations, even to an American election, is surprising. The few people who have touched at the island and whose acquaintance they have made, are held in lasting and kindly remembrance. One of these, the daughter of Captain Freeman of the *Ocean King,* it was the writer's pleasure to meet a few years ago. Nearly every letter from Pitcairn Island contains some affectionate allusion to this young lady, the "Clara" so often named.

Sometimes years will elapse between two ship arrivals. News only a year old is considered very fresh on Pitcairn Island, while letters are often written and kept for months waiting for a vessel to carry them away. Yet there is very little apparent discontent with their narrow boundaries among the islanders. They love their picturesque little home and are not for the most part anxious to leave it.

Nature has indeed done much for the island. Its exterior is steep and rocky, but within it is full of hills and valleys clothed with tropical vegetation and diversified with feathery cocoanut groves. One peak on the island is called "Old Man's Point," and from a certain position, presents an almost perfect resemblance to an old man's head.

The Pitcairn islanders are not unlike other peoples in their love of holidays, and they celebrate many of the same days that are dear to us. The Queen's birthday is a great festive day with them,

and in the enthusiasm with which they celebrate it they do not yield to the most loyal Canadians.

Christmas, which occurs in the Pitcairn midsummer, is observed with religious ceremony, followed by merrymaking, much as is customary with us. An early morning service is held in the church, where the special feature is the singing of Christmas music. At the close of the service, the congregation, that is, the population, adjourns to the schoolroom, where the Christmas trees are arrayed in all possible splendour. When the trees are stripped and the gifts distributed, the people rise and join heartily in singing the doxology and a ringing hallelujah chorus.

New Year's day is observed with more exclusively religious services. Of that of 1890, Miss Young wrote to Mr. Wheeler:

"Praise service was held in the open air. Nearly all our community met in the road leading to Maud Young's house, where, with the rising sun in view, we sang first, 'Awake my soul, and with the sun,' followed by the 'Christmas Jubilee,' and then the doxology. The sight was a very pleasing one—the men dressed all in black, and looking splendidly, standing in a long row, while we of the other sex stood just in front of them, and all around us lay the cultivated fields smiling in their dress of pure green, each leaf being pearl-tipped with drops of dew. It was so thoroughly delightful to begin the morning of the new year that way. One cannot help thinking that the heavenly Father looked down and smiled approval."

Over a century has now passed since the settlement of Pitcairn Island by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. On the 23rd of January, 1890, the present inhabitants of the island met to celebrate their first centennial. It was an occasion of the most earnest and humble thanksgiving to the heavenly Father who had preserved them as a people and lifted them up out of the degradation and paganism in which their lives might have been passed. The following hymn was composed by Miss Rosalind Young to be sung on that occasion:

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1890.

Our Father, God, we come to raise
Our songs to Thee in grateful praise;
We come to seek Thy guiding hand,
By which supported, still we stand,

To this fair land our fathers sought
To flee the doom their sins had brought;
In vain—nor peace nor rest was found,
For strife possessed the unhallowed ground.

Darkness around their path was spread,
Their crimes deserved a vengeance dread—
When, lo! a beam of hope was given,
To guard their erring feet to heaven.

Thy holy Word, a beacon light,
Had pierced the shades of sin's dark night,
And poured a flood of radiance where
Had reigned the gloom of dull despair.

We own the depths of sin and shame,
Of guilt and crime from whence we came;
  Thy hand upheld us from despair,
  Else we had sunk in darkness there.

We, their descendants, here, to-day,
Meet in Thy house to praise and pray,
  And ask Thy blessing to attend
  And guide us to life's journey's end.

Oh, that our lives henceforth may be
More consecrated, Lord, to Thee—
  Thy boundless favours to us shown,
  With gratitude we humbly own.

Thou knowest the depths from whence we sprung,
Inspire each heart, unloose each tongue!
  That all our power may join to bless
  The Lord—our Strength and Righteousness.

Such is the spirit of the Pitcairn islanders of to-day. Few ships even now pass their way, and the time may be rapidly approaching, when, by the completion of the Panama or Nicaragua canal, they shall be left out of the track of vessels altogether, and so entirely cut off from communication with the great outer world. This they know, yet do not complain, but trust with child-like faith the Hand that has led and protected thus far, and brought them to a condition no human eye could have foreseen for them.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
  But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
  When the songs of the angels are sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
  On the snow-flakes that cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
  That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
  That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
  With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
  Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
  That mankind are the children of God.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF MODERN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

STATISTICS, ESTIMATES AND PROSPECTS.

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not live to see the dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make our hearts throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it wakes the world with wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round
And heard its voice of living thunder—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!"

Heathenism versus Christianity.

The population of the globe is reckoned at 1,400 millions; of this number, 400 millions are nominal Christians, leaving 1,000 millions heathens. Of the nominal Christians, fifty millions are supposed to be real Christians. The problem then to be faced is: Can fifty millions of Christians evangelize 1,000 millions of heathen?

One encouraging fact is, that of this world's population, 800 millions live under the government of Christian States. Of 175 millions of Mohammedans, 100 millions are already subject to Christian powers. But Mohammedanism is nothing without political power. The political downfall of the system is therefore assured. With the exception of savages, no nation on earth is under the independent rule of an idolatrous government.

The converts to Christianity in heathen lands 100 years ago, did not exceed 300; now at the close of the century they number 885,116. Counting adherents, the number of the Christian community in heathen lands rises to 3,000,000.

Proportion of Missionaries to Population.

In Central Africa there is one ordained missionary to 5,000,000 people; in Arabia, one to 1,500,000; in China, one to 733,000; in Siam, one to 600,000; in Corea, one to 500,000; in India, one to 350,000; in Africa (as a whole), one to 300,000; in Persia, one to 300,000; in Japan, one to 215,000; in Burmah, one to 200,000; in Madagascar, one to 100,000; in Turkey, one to 45,000; in Syria, one to 30,000.

In the United States, the average proportion of ministers is one to 800 of the population; in non-Christian countries, the average is one minister to 400,000.

Missions and Wealth.

Among the working classes of the United Kingdom, the earnings have increased in fifty years (1836–86) from $95 per head to $210. One hundred years ago (1786), the total yearly income of the

United Kingdom was $1,000,000,000; in fifty years it had increased to $2,500,000,000, and at the end of a hundred years (1886), it had further increased to $6,350,000,000. In 1801, the total values of all property in the United Kingdom were $10,150,000,000; in 1882 (eighty-one years) it had risen to $43,600,000,000.

The wealth of the United States is $62,500,000,000. There is added yearly to the capital of the country, $1,400,000,000. A great share of this belongs to Christian men. In 1850, the communicants of evangelical churches in America were worth $1,000,000,000; in 1880 (thirty years) they were worth $9,000,000,000. A recent article shows $720,000,000 in the possession of nine men. Seventy per cent. of the business men of the United States are members or adherents of Protestant churches. Of the sixty-eight richest men in the United States, only four are Roman Catholics. In 1886 the wealth of Canada amounted to $3,250,000,000, with a yearly income of $590,000,000.

What one Man could have Done.

As an illustration of the immense possibilities within the grasp of one man, arising from wealth, the case of William H. Vanderbilt, a Protestant Christian, is in point. He died in 1885, aged sixty-five, worth two hundred millions of dollars. Let us suppose he willed half of this property among his children or dependent relatives, numbering, say, ten. This would give each ten millions of dollars, which being invested, say at three per cent., would give to each an annual income of $300,000—certainly sufficient to afford a permanent protection against the possibilities of the poor-house. Let us further suppose that he placed the other half in the hands of trustees for Christian missionary purposes, with the proviso that not a dollar of the capital should ever be touched, but only the interest used. Suppose that these trustees invested the amount in U.S. Government bonds yielding three per cent. interest. This yearly income (allowing a salary of $1,000 to each), would support three thousand missionaries in the field, till that day arrived when "the angel should stand upon the sea and upon the earth, and lifting up his hand to heaven, should swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer."

Missions versus other Expenditures.

"Whiskey is the stand-pipe in our comparative expenditures," (Dr. Ashmore.) The whiskey level for Canada stands at $37,885,258 annually. The whole of Christendom contributed for missions last year $11,250,000. This would only pay Canada's liquor bill for three months and a half—a country young and comparatively poor. The leading societies of Canada contributed for home and foreign missions in 1891, $350,632. This would not pay Canada's liquor bill for four days.

The United States spends on intoxicating liquor 821 millions of dollars annually. The contributions of all the missionary societies in the world last year would not pay its drink bill for five days.

They raised last year less than five millions of dollars for missions —about the same amount as its own liquor bill for two days.

Great Britain spends on intoxicating liquors, 660 millions of dollars annually. What the whole world raised for missions last year would not pay its drink bill for seven days. Its own missionary contribution would not pay its liquor bill for four days.

Per Capita Contributions to Missions.

The average wages in Japan are twenty-four cents per day; last year the Christians there contributed $3.30 per head for religious purposes. At the rate of the wages paid on this continent, this amount equals $16.50 per head—which places the Japanese among the most liberal givers in the world.

The contributions of Protestant Christendom (inhabiting as it does the most wealthy countries on the globe) for missions, is an average of thirty-seven cents per head.

The donations of the United States Churches, per member, to home and foreign missions was as follows: In 1850, 35 cents per head; in 1860, 48 cents; in 1870, 63 cents; in 1880, 59½ cents; in 1886, 57 cents. It is to be noticed with regret, that there was a falling off in 1880 as compared with the former decade, and a further falling off in 1886.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MISSIONS BY CHURCHES.

(Compiled from "Encyclopædia of Missions," Funk & Wagnalls, 1891.)

CHURCH OR SOCIETY.	COUNTRY.	Per head.
Moravian Brethren	Germany	$6.57
Friends' Association	England	2.15
Seventh Day Adventists	United States	1.73
Covenanter Presbyterians	"	1.71
Baptist Missionary Society	England	1.69
Wesleyan Methodist	"	1.51
Presbyterian Church	"	1.32
Reformed Dutch Church	United States	1.31
American Board	"	1.26
Wesleyan Methodist Connexion	"	1.17
Free Church	Scotland	1.17
U. P. Church	"	1.09
General Baptist Missionary Society	England	1.06
Un. or Secession Church	Scotland	1.05
Presbyterian Church (North)	United States	1.02
Methodist Church	Canada	.93
Congregational Church	"	.90
Presbyterian Church	"	.63
Baptist Church	"	.43

Missions as a Business Investment.

Sir Bartle Frere, who was very familiar with heathenism, says: "Civilization cannot precede Christianity." Dr. Seelye says: "The savage does not labour for the gratifications of civilized life, since these he does not desire." Rev. H. Marden writes (and the same

is true of all non-Christian lands): "The Oriental left to himself is entirely satisfied with the customs of his fathers; no contact with western civilization has ever roused him from his apathy, but when his heart is warmed into life by the Gospel, his mind wakes up, and he wants a clock, a book, a glass window, and a flour-mill. Almost every steamer from New York brings sewing machines, watches, tools, cabinet organs, or other appliances of Christian civilization in response to native orders that, but for an open Bible, would never have been sent."

The Fijians were formerly ferocious cannibals. In 1889, their imports amounted to $945,000. At twelve and one-half per cent. profit, this trade would realize a profit of $118,125 in that year alone. It has only cost the missionary society three dollars per head for each convert. Land there is $70 per acre. Before missions were established it had no market value whatever.

The trade of the United States with Micronesia in 1879 amounted to $5,534,367. At the same per cent. of profit as above, this would realize a profit of $691,796. During that year, the misson to Micronesia cost only $16,975; so that for every dollar spent on the mission, trade reaped $40.75.

During the year ending June 30th, 1879, the trade of the United States with the Hawaiian Islands amounted to $5,546,116, with profits at $693,264. The entire cost of evangelizing these islands was $1,220,000; the whole amount therefore spent in Christianizing these islands during twenty years (1850–70) would be repaid by such profits *in two years.*

Latest Mission Statistics of the World.

A few months ago the New York *Independent* published carefully compiled statistics of seventy-three leading societies of the world. Dean Vahl, President of the Danish Missionary Society, and author of the well-known "Vahl's Mission Atlas," has prepared similar tables for 1890. The distinctive characteristic of this latter summary is that it is confined as closely as possible to missions to the heathen, and embraces the reports of 265 societies. These two tables are the latest published statistics which attempt to cover the whole ground. To all who have ever attempted the work, the task of compiling correct statistics in this department is known to be very difficult.

	No. of Stations.	Men Missionaries.	Women Missionaries.	Native Preachers.	Native Helpers.	Churches.	Schools.	Pupils.	Sabbath School Scholars.	Communicants.
Table by *Independent* (73 leading societies).....	10,311	3,775	2,539	11,979	.....	2,419	11,960	575,829	819,282	605,807
Dean Vahl's table (265 societies).....	.....	4,495	2,062	3,374	42,870	.....	.....	.....	.....	885,116

How the Whole World might become Evangelized in Ten Years.

How could "every creature" on this globe hear the Gospel, and hear it repeatedly within ten years? In the *Missionary Review of the World* for July, 1892, the Rev. Dr. Angus, author of the celebrated "Hand-book of the Bible," attempts to answer this question. He says, in the five Churches (Methodist, Church of England, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational) of Great Britain and America, there are twenty-three millions of communicants. To accomplish the result above contemplated would require fifty thousand missionaries in the field for ten years, and seventy-five millions of dollars a year for ten years. However Utopian, at first sight, this proposal appears to be, it would only claim one missionary for every 460 members of the evangelical churches of Great Britain and America, or one for every 300 members, if we should include the continent of Europe. England sent that many to take one fortress in the Crimea.

And seventy-five millions of dollars a year would only require a contribution of $3.26 from each member of the evangelical churches of Great Britain and America. The Afghanistan war cost sixty million dollars. England spends on her army and navy alone, $175,000,000 a year. The Crimean war cost $500,000,000, and the American war, ten times as much. It would be easy to find ten thousand Christians who could give it all, which would indeed require but $7,500 from each. In the United States alone, there are eight thousand Christian families with an average income of $25,000 each, above expenses; and 100,000 Christian families with an average income, above expenses, of $10,000 each.

STRIKING FACTS, INCIDENTS, AND CONTRASTS.

America.

The first subscription ever given by any Englishman for missionary purposes was one of £100, made by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1589, for the State of Virginia, "in special regard and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those barbarous places."

In connection with the American Board, in the years from 1810 to 1860, 704 voyages were successfully completed by 496 of their missionaries; and of these, 467 voyages were from 15,000 to 18,000 miles in length. In all that time, no individual connected with the Board was ever shipwrecked, or lost his life by drowning.

In 118 years (1770–1888), the missionary vessel of the Moravian Brethren, which left London (not the same vessel, but a succession of them), never failed to cross the Atlantic in safety, and to reach Labrador with provisions and reinforcements for the missionaries. There has never been a wreck during that long history. At the present writing the time now reaches to 122 years.

Mexico is called a Christian country, but Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says there are 8,000,000 people in Mexico who never saw a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Charles Darwin, while on a tour as a naturalist, visited the island of Terra del Fuego in 1831, and declared the people in many respects worse than brutes, and incapable of elevation. The British Admiralty forbade all ships in future to touch at that port. Before he visited that island again, the Rev. Thomas Bridges had brought the Word of God to the people, and Mr. Darwin was so satisfied of the power of the Gospel to redeem even the vilest savage tribes that he became a subscriber to South American missions.

The Pacific Islands.

When John Williams visited Raratonga in 1823, he found the people all heathens; when he left in 1834, they were all professed Christians. He left 6,000 attendants upon Christian worship; the Word of God in their own tongue, where formerly they had no written language; and he left them with family prayer morning and evening in every house on the island. A young man, a few years ago, visiting the British Museum, saw among the many wonders there the first Raratonga idol his eyes had ever beheld, though he was born and had lived nineteen years in Raratonga. Yet there had been once 100,000 idol-gods in that island.

Rev. John Geddie, after eighteen years in Aneityum, wished to bring away some idols as relics, and *none could be found.*

The largest church membership in the world, numbering 4,500 communicants, is on the island of Hawaii.

Africa.

Mtesa, King of Uganda, after inquiring of Stanley respecting the health of Queen Victoria and the Emperor of Germany, asked, "What tidings can you bring me from above?" Unfortunately the great explorer was not versed in these matters, but gave the king a copy of the New Testament, which, he declared, contained the only answer man would ever receive to that momentous question.

In Stanley's journey of 7,000 miles, from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, he neither saw a Christian nor one man who had even heard the gospel message!

"Every tusk, piece, and scrap of ivory in possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard-games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century."—*Stanley.*

Asia.

Corea, "the hermit nation," the latest country opened to the Gospel, was entered in 1882 through a medical missionary.

"We now receive more converts in a month than we used to

receive in a decade. When I return to my field I shall expect to greet 10,000 new converts—men and women who were worshipping idols four months ago."—*Bishop Thoburn*, of India, before the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Omaha, May, 1892.

More than 19,000 heathen in India broke their idols last year, and united with the Methodist Church.

Some Sharp Contrasts.

A Latin author once wrote, "*Brittanos hospitibus feros*" (The British are cruel to their visitors). To-day, through the mollifying influences of the Gospel, they are defenders of the persecuted, sympathizers with the oppressed, and the protectors of the weak in all lands.

In 1565, a slave-ship named *The Jesus* sailed into an American port. Her commander, Sir John Hawkins, wrote in his diary that God had been very merciful unto them in giving a safe passage, because He would be kind to His elect—and that vessel carried 400 slaves stolen from the coast of Africa. Just 300 years after (1565-1865) Abraham Lincoln with a stroke of his pen emancipated the four millions of slaves then inhabiting the American Republic.

In 1760, in a little room in Geneva (since turned into a Bible House), Voltaire said, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the face of the earth." On the contrary, since that time Christianity has won her greatest triumphs.

Rev. Sydney Smith ridiculed the piety of Carey, saying, "if a tinker is a devout man he infallibly sets off for the East"; he declared the "missionaries would expose the whole Eastern Empire to destruction, to convert half a dozen Brahmins who, after stuffing themselves with rice and rum, would run away. If the missionaries were not watched the throat of every European in India would be cut." He calls the missionaries "a nest of cobblers," and finally surpasses himself by classing them with "vermin which ought to be caught, cracked and extirpated."

In a memorial to the British Parliament, the directors of the East India Company placed on record "their decided conviction (after consideration and examination) that the sending of Christian missionaries into our eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive and most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast."

Over against this place the testimony of Sir Rivers Thompson, Lieut.-Gov. of Bengal: "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country, and the true saviours of the Empire."

Eighty years ago the East India Company acted as above described; now the British East African Company has invited the Church Missionary Society to place missionaries at all their stations as fast as they are opened. The world really moves!

Closed and Unoccupied Territory.

The only two countries in the world *closed* to the Gospel are Nepaul (population, five millions), situated on the north-eastern frontier of Hindustan, and Thibet (population, six millions), situated in the heart of Asia. A Moravian missionary has been living, however, on the outskirts of Thibet for years, translating books, into their language, so as to be ready to enter whenever the door opens.

The *unoccupied* mission fields are: (1) British North Borneo, 25,000 square miles, population, 200,000, under British authority, no missionary; (2) A portion of the Eastern Archipelago, the Philippine Islands, 120,000 square miles, population about five millions, under Spain which now tolerates Protestant labourers in her other possessions; not one Protestant missionary; (3) Cambodia, Annam and Tonquin, 175,000 square miles, population about fifteen millions, under France which is now tolerant of all demoninations; not a single Protestant missionary; (4) The Central Soudan of Africa, population from sixty to eighty millions; no missionary there yet, though an attempt is now being made to enter.

Notes.

In his travels round the world, Rev. Mr. Parkhurst saw not one *new* heathen temple.

The "Hard-shell" Baptists were opposed to missions on the ground that when God elects to save the heathen, He will do so. They have now nearly died out. Moral: The churches at home need to keep up foreign mission work in order to save themselves from decay and death.

Five thousand students of colleges have volunteered for the foreign mission work. This fact and the rapid increase of medical missions, are the two most hopeful developments characterizing the close of this the first century of modern missions.

Time Between the First Preaching and the First Convert.

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Burmah—six years (1813-19); name, Moung Nau, under Judson.

India—seven years (1793-1800); name, Krishnu Pal, under Carey.

China—seven years (1807-14); name, Tsae-Ako, under Morrison.

Polynesia—sixteen years (1796-1812); name, King Pomare II.

Micronesia—five years (1852-57).

Greenland—five years (1733-38).

Uganda—six years (1876-82).

Kuruman, South Africa—eight years (1821-29); under Moffat.

Madagascar—thirteen years (1818-31).

STRIKING MOTTOES AND SAYINGS.

"Out of the shadows of night,
The world rolls into light,
It is daybreak everywhere."
—*Longfellow's last words.*

Mottoes.

"*Vicit Agnus noster: eum sequimur*": Our Lamb has conquered: let us follow Him.—Seal of Moravian Brethren.

The representation of an Indian standing erect, with an arrow in his hand, and the motto, "Come over and help us," is the seal of the State of Massachusetts, adopted 1629.

PACIFIC ISLANDS.

"Where a trader will go for gain, there the missionary ought to go for the merchandise of souls. In these islands something must be risked if anything is to be done."—*Bishop Selwyn.*

"It isn't High, or Low, or Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions that seems naturally to result from the very sight of these heathen people."—*Bishop Patteson.*

"A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoanuts is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work "beneath a gentleman" will simply be in the way."—*Bishop Patteson.*

"I have now been reading the twenty-ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles."—Exclamation of the *Bishop of Ripon* as he laid down the wonderful story of John Williams' missionary career.

AFRICA.

"Africa—the last stronghold of paganism."—*Dr. Sims.*

"An African is the image of God carved in ebony"—*Dr. Fuller.*

"An African slave-dealer is the image of the devil carved in ivory."—*Dr. Johnston.*

"Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."—Dying words of Melville B. Cox, first foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S., who died of African fever less than four months after his arrival.

"The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise."—*Livingstone.*

"I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands."—*Stanley.*

"If I am to go 'on the shelf,' let that shelf be Africa."—*Livingstone,* in 1867.

"To exaggerate the enormities of the slave trade, is simply impossible."—*Livingstone.*

"All I can add in my loneliness is: May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, Englishman, or Turk, who

will help to heal this open sore of the world."—*Livingstone's* last message to the outer world in reference to the slave trade. This sentence is carved on his memorial slab in Westminster Abbey.

INDIA.

"I make Christ my heir."—*Schwartz,* who willed all his property for missions to the heathen.

"I am now dead to Europe and alive to India."—*Dr. Coke,* 1813.

"If ever I see a Hindu converted to Jesus Christ, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have yet seen."—*Henry Martyn.* To-day there are 222,000 native communicants in India.

Judson laboured for six years in Burmah without a single convert. When it was hinted to him that the mission was a total failure, a seraphic glory lighted up his countenance as he exclaimed: "The conversion of Burmah is as bright as the promises of God." There are now over 29,000 communicants.

"You are the only people arriving here who do not come to squeeze my people."—*King of Siam,* to the missionaries.

"We are indebted more to William Carey and the £13 2s. 6d., which was the first sum subscribed for him, than we are to all the heroism and cunning of Clive, and to all the genius and rapacity of Warren Hastings."—*Canon Farrar.*

"Christ, not the British Government, rules India. Our hearts have been conquered not by your armies, gleaming bayonets, and fiery cannon, but by a higher and a different power. No one but Christ has deserved the precious diadem of the Indian crown, and He will have it."—*Keshub Chunder Sen.*

CHINA.

"O rock! rock! when wilt thou open?"—*Xavier,* 1552. Opened, 1842.

"It is a great step towards the Christianization of our planet, if Christianity gain entrance into China."—*Neander,* in 1850, a week before his death. Christianity tolerated in China by the Treaty of Tientsin, 1858.

"When China is moved, it will change the face of the globe."—*Napoleon.*

"The devil invented the Chinese language to keep the Gospel out of China."—Reported saying of *Rev. John Wesley.*

"In China the sense of truth is not only almost unknown, but is not even admired."—*Rev. F. Horton.*

"The only real interpreter of the thought and progress of the west to the millions of China is the missionary."—*London Times.*

GENERAL.

"If you want most to serve your race go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do."—*Mary Lyon.*

"Had the whole missionary work resulted in nothing more than the building up of such a character it would be worth all it has cost."—*Theodore Parker, on Judson of Burmah.*

"I make bold to say that if missions did not exist it would be our duty to invent them."—*Sir Chas. A. Elliott, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal.*

"There is nothing in all human history which can be placed alongside of the story of the evangelical conquest of the world, for rapidity of progress, overthrow of obstacles, and real and effective work for the bettering and ennobling of mankind."—*Llewellyn Bevan.*

THE FERVENT MISSIONARY.

"Then shall I not at God and duty's call
Fly to the utmost limits of the ball?
Cross the wide sea, along the desert toil,
Or circumnavigate each Indian isle?
To torrid regions fly to save the lost,
Or brave the rigours of eternal frost?
I may, like Brainerd, perish in my bloom,
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb;
I may, like Martyn, lay my burning head
In some lone Persian hut, or Turkish shed;
I may, like Coke, be buried in the wave;
I may, like Howard, find a Tartar's grave,
Or perish, like a Xavier, on the beach
In some lone cottage, out of friendship's reach;
I may—but never let my soul repine,
'Lo, I am with you'—heaven is in that line;
Tropic or pole, or mild or burning zone
Is but a step from my celestial throne."

WOODSTOCK, Ont.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

LORD, for the lonely heart
I pray apart;
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this to-morrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word!

For lives too bitter to be borne,
For the tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, peace this Christmastide!

Into the desert, trod
By the long sick, O God!
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain—
Of all neglected most—be fain
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray;
For those who cannot sleep
A watch I keep;
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed, and fed again;
At Thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest!

I see the vacant chair;
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour:

For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the handclasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall,
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow;
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

THE LESS KNOWN POEMS OF TENNYSON.

BY THE EDITOR.

The admirable critical study of Tennyson, given by Miss Mary S. Daniels in this number, renders unnecessary further remarks by us at this time on that subject. We purpose simply to quote some of the less known passages from his more recent poems.

It has been said that Tennyson's genius was not adapted for dramatic verse. This may be so, but certainly his "Queen Mary" is one of the finest dramatic poems in the language. We miss, it is true, those marvellously concentrated expressions, that flash like diamonds in settings of gold and become the proverbs of all time. Nor do we find those abyssmal revelations of the human heart, and intense outbursts of human passion which we meet in Shakespeare's page. But we do find that the poet invests the historic characters of three hundred years ago with living interest. He gives a vivid picture of that dim old past. He evokes our sympathy on behalf of the hapless Queen, whose brow is cinctured for all time with the name of "bloody Mary." The false, cold-hearted Philip, the wily foreign ambassadors, the supple papal legate, the bluff and sturdy English knights, the persecuting bishops and their martyr-victims live again, and re-enact for us the stirring drama of the time when the Papacy and Protestantism were brought into such sharp antagonism in England as they never were before or since.

The tragedy darkens towards its sombre close. Plague, famine, distress, consume the land. Calais, where for two hundred years the English leopards had ramped on the fluttering folds of the royal standard, was wrested from the grasp of Mary. Wasting disease, and hope deferred, and heart-breaking disappointment had brought her to the borders of the grave. Abandoned by the faithless Philip, who in cold-blooded speculation on her anticipated death, caused advances, with a view to marriage, to be made to her younger, fairer, and heretic sister Elizabeth; hated by her people and haunted by remorse—not that she had burned many, but that she had not burned more—the utterly desolate and forlorn condition of the unhappy Queen cannot fail to awaken commiseration in the most stoical bosom. For a moment the undaunted Tudor spirit is aroused as she issues sudden orders for the recovery of Calais.

> Send out, let England as of old
> Rise lion-like, strike hard and deep into
> The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend
> The renders too. . . . Oh, would I were
> My father for an hour.

She sinks in deep despondency:

> I am a by-word. Heretic and rebel

Point at me, and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too! . .
My people hate me and desire my death.
My husband hates me and desires my death.
I hate myself—and I desire my death.* . . .

She repels the offer of her attendant to arrange her disheveled hair.

No, no, what matters,
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn,

and seizing a lute she sings a melancholy plaint:

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken. . .

Here are some lines like the barbed phrases of Shakespeare:

"It is the low man thinks the woman low."

"My lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship."

The supple sycophancy of the Spanish ambassador is photographed in the single line of his reply to Philip's brutal comment on the waning beauty and "doubly aged" appearance of his Queen:

"Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I."

Philip tersely indicates Elizabeth's fondness of flattery in the line,

"She is none of those that loathe the honey-comb."

To a waiting woman who said, "It was never merry world

* Her's seems to have been a heritage of hatred. She had previously said:

My hard father hated me;
My brother rather hated me than loved;
My sister cowers and hates me.

"A happy morning to your Majesty," said the foreign ambassador. "And I should some time have a happy morning," she replied. "*I have had none yet.*"

Contrast this poet's apostrophe to the happier occupant of the same august throne, although herself not untouched by sorrow—our own beloved and widowed Queen:

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure. . . .
May all love,
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee by his side again!

in England since the Bible came amongst us," Cecil, with the wise prescience of a Protestant statesman, replies:

> "It never *will* be merry world, in England,
> Till all men *have* their Bibles, rich and poor."

The metonomy and metaphor in the following despairing utterance of the unhappy Mary are worthy of Shakespeare's self:

> "Clarence, they hate me; even while I speak
> There *lurks* a silent dagger, *listening*
> In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,
> And *panting* for my blood as I go by."

"The Northern Cobbler" is a capital temperance lesson. An old toper came home drunk one night and kicked his wife and smashed the furniture. When he sobered, he thought of their courting days and of the first kiss he had given her—

> Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick, like Saätan's as fell
> Down out o' Heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell;
> Mea fur to kick oor Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,
> All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

So he swore off liquor, and put a quart of gin in the window and defied it:

> Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord an' the power o' 'is graäce,
> Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looäk my hennemy strait i' the faäce.
> Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let me looäk at 'im then;
> 'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Divil's oän sen.
> An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as the candles was lit,
> "Thou moant do it," he says, "tha mun break 'im off bit by bit."
> "Thou'rt but a Methody-man," says Parson, an' laäys down 'is 'at,
> An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, "but I respecks tha fur that."
> An' theer 'e stan's an' theer 'e shall stan' to my dying daäy;
> I 'a' gotten to loov 'im agean in anoother kind of a way.
> Proud on 'im like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im clean an' bright,
> Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back in the light.
> Wouldn't a pint 'a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw doubt;
> But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi', an' fowt it out.

A grand bit of dogged English pluck is that—not to be conquered even by death, for he says—

> I'll hev 'im a-buried wi' ma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

The grand "Ballad of the Fleet" stirs the pulses like the blast of the clarion. The brave Sir Richard Grenville, with a single ship, manned by gallant men of Devon, in the stormy days "of the Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain," fought a Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels. Of course, after a desperate fight they were captured, but as the old lion lay a-dying—

> He rose upon their decks and he cried:
> "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
> I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
> With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die."
> And he fell upon their decks and he died.

The story of little Emmie dying in the Children's Hospital will bring tears to many an eye. "Ay, good woman," said the infidel doctor to the nurse, "can prayer set a broken bone?" But we cannot condense the argument or the story into these few lines.

"The Defence of Lucknow" is akin in its marshal fire to "The Ballad of the Fleet." The thrilling story of the siege is told in lines vivid as lightning flashes on a stormy night, and each section closes with the grand refrain—

And ever upon our topmost roof, the banner of England blew.

"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave.

. . . . . .

"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof, the old banner of England blew.

The monologue of Sir John Oldcastle, the martyr, gives a vivid picture of the persecution of the Lollards. It abounds in vigorous lines, as—

Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd wolves. . . .

God willing, I will burn for Him.

"The Voyage of Maeldune," the story of an Irish wandering Ulysses in pursuit of revenge, abounds in touches as fine as anything Tennyson ever wrote. First they came to the Silent Isle where—

The long waterfalls
Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
Our voices were thinner, and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek.

Then they came to the Isle of Flowers—

Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit;
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute. . .
And we came to the Isle of Fruits; all round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathoms of grapes. . . .
And we come to the Isle of Fire; we were lured by the light from afar,
For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern star.

And they sailed, and sailed, to the Bounteous Isle, but they hated its plenty; and to the Isle of Witches, and to the Isle of a Saint, who bade them forego their purpose of wrath—

And the holy man he assoil'd us, and we sadly sailed away. . . .
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife, and the sin.

Tennyson's Irish poem, in dialect form, is very pathetic. Two young lovers part, Danny O'Roon "to cut the Sassenach whate over the say," and Molly Magee to patiently wait his return. For forty long years nothing is heard of Danny, and Molly, grown old and gray, and distraught in her mind, keeps repeating, "Tomorra, tomorra, he will come back."

An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day,
She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say

"Tomorra, tomorra!" an' Father Molowny he tuk her in han',
"Molly, you're manin'," he says, "me dear, av I undherstan',
That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God
Wid His blessed Martyrs an' Saints;" an' she gev him a friendly nod,
"Tomorra, tomorra," she says, an' she didn't intind to desave,
But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

At last Danny's body is found in a peat bog, preserved unchanged through all these years. An old man tells the story:

How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass
Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint into mass—
But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few,
An' I didn't know him meself, an' none of the parish knew.

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was lamed iv a knee,
Then a slip of a gossoon call'd, "Div ye know him, Molly Magee?"
An' she stood up strait as the Queen of the world—she lifted her head—
"He said he would meet me tomorra!" an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life,
Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like husban' an' wife.
Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone!
Sorra the silent throat but we heard it cryin' "Ochone!"

Thin his Riverence buried them both in wan grave be the dead boor-tree,
The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

Although Tennyson has been called the poet of Doubt and panegyrist of War, in some striking lines he repudiates both charges:

You wrong me, passionate little friend. I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end might sow and reap in peace,
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old, or Trade refrain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold, or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all my friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small, that wheel between the poles. . . .
And who loves War for War's own sake is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take his meed of fame in verse. . . .
And tho', in this lean age forlorn, too many a voice may cry
That man can have no after-morn, not yet of these am I.
The man remains, and whatsoe'er he wrought of good or brave
Will mould him thro' the cycle-year that dawns behind the grave.

In the following vigorous lines the laureate stirs our pulses as he sings the glories of a United Empire:

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round?
God the traitor's hope confound?
To this great name of England, drink, my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round and round.

"The Flight" is a tale of quiet pathos. It records the revolt from an enforced and loveless marriage:

Shall I take *him?* I kneel with *him?* I swear and swear forsworn
To love him most, whom most I loathe, to honour whom I scorn?
The Fiend would yell, the grave would yawn, my mother's ghost would rise—
To lie! to lie—in God's own house—the blackest of all lies!

What a majestic and peculiarly Tennysonian figure is this:

At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West.

The Queen's jubilee hymn is a rather perfunctory performance, though having fine lines and closing with a serene confidence of the triumph of right:

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

The dialect story of "Owd Roä," has not the rich humour of the "Northern Farmer," but it has a touching pathos of its own. It is a commemoration of a faithful dog, "Old Rover," which saved a child from a burning house. An old man is recounting the story to his son:

But I meän fur to maäke 'is owd age as 'appy as iver I can,
Fur I owäss owd Roäver moor nor I iver owäd mottal man.

An' e' sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e coomes to be deäd,
I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soort of a sarvice reäd.

Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere,
An' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if 'e could but stan fur the Shere.

"Faäithful an' True"—them words be i' Scriptur—an' Faäithful an' True
Ull be fun upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two. . . .

But I couldn't see fur the smoäke wheere thou was a-liggin, my lad,
An' Roäver was theere i' the chaumber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad.

Then I called out Roä, Roä, Roä, thaw I did'nt haäfe think as 'e'd 'ear,
But 'e com'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!

He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as soon as 'e 'eärd 'is name,
Or like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at summun seed i' the flaäme,
When summun 'ed hax'd fur a son, an' 'e promised a son to she,
An' Roä was as good as the Hangel i' saävin' a son fur me.

The weird poem, "Forlorn," with its wild refrain, expresses the very essence of sadness:

In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting.

In the night, O the night!
O the deathwatch beating!

In the night, O the night,
While the Fiend is prowling.
In the night, O the night,
When the wolves are howling.

Up, get up, the time is short,
Tell him now or never!
Tell him all before you die,
Lest you die forever. . . .
In the night, O the night,
Where there's no forgetting.

"The Progress of the Spring" and "Merlin and the Gleam" are full of the loftiest spiritual suggestions. "Romney's Remorse" shows the infinite inferiority of name and fame and fortune—"the nation praising one afar" to the joys of domestic affection.

"Romney married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoilt an artist' almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died."

Ay, but when the shout
Of His descending peals from Heaven, and throbs
Thro' earth, and all her graves, if *He* should ask
"Why left you wife and children? for My sake,
According to My word?" and I replied
"Nay, Lord, for *Art*," why, that would sound so mean
That all the dead, who wait the doom of hell
For bolder sins than mine, . . .
Would turn and glare at me, and point and jeer,
And jibber at the worm, who living, made
The wife of wives a widow-bride, and lost
Salvation for a sketch.

We know not if the following is autobiographic but it is ideally beautiful:

Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words, "*My* Rose," set all your face aglow,
And now that I am white, and you are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Blooms in the Past, but close to me to-day,
As this red rose, which on our terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away.

It is a striking proof of the breadth of Tennyson's sympathies, that this "poet's poet," who sings the high philosophy of "In Memoriam," and "The Two Voices," and who exhibits the exquisite verbal felicities and music of the "Palace of Art," and "Dream of Fair Woman," should yet voice so truly the joys and sorrows of the lowly as in his homely dialect poems, in "The May Queen," "The Grandmother," "Little Emmie," and in other "short and simple annals of the poor."

These are a few gleanings from this rich harvest of song. We have left no space for criticism. Our readers will prefer to enjoy the fragrance of the flowers rather than have them dissected and analysed. We note in passing that Tennyson's poems are full of those exquisite verbal felicities, as when he speaks of the surgeon's "pitiful-pitiless knife," which make the poet's work like an exquisite mosaic—beautiful in detail and beautiful as a whole.

One of his latest poems is a fitting summing up of the venerable poet's Christian faith and hope:

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Similar faith and hope breathed through the later verses of the more than octogenarian Quaker poet Whittier:

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.
As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles and Peace.

So, too, the veteran Browning dies with this song of triumph upon his lips:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right was worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep or wake.

Elsewhere he illustrates the saying of Augustine, "O God, Thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee":

And what is that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee
As though nought else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—"Even from myself
I need Thee, and I feel Thee, and I love Thee."

We know no finer argument for the immortality of the soul than the poem of Holmes, "On the Chambered Nautilus," concluding,

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.

Lowell, in his "Sir Launfal," sings:

Lo it is I, be not afraid:
In many climes without avail
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;

Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now :
This crust is my body broken for thee,
The water His blood that died on the tree,
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare
Who gives himself, with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour and me.

Longfellow is permeated through and through with the spirit of Christianity. Thank God, the greatest poets of the age are Christian in life and character. The days of your mocking Byrons and Shelleys have gone for ever. True poetry kindles its torch at the altar of eternal truth and is linked with all the moral forces of the universe in the battle of eternal right against ancient wrong. Its purpose, to use the noble words of Milton, is "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints; the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of truth." And this, he further avows, is not to be obtained "by the invocation of dame memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

All the higher learning, the stronger thought the truer science, the purer and nobler music of the ages shall bring their tribute —their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh—to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. The majestic Newton was as devout in his piety as he was lofty in his range of thought. "I know no explanation of the force of gravitation," said the clear-eyed Herschel, "but the ever-acting will of God." Old blind Handel in the very rapture of the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah" saw, he says, the very heavens opened and the great God Himself sitting on the throne of the universe amid the sevenfold chorus and harping symphonies of the redeemed."

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S BIRTH.

In the olden time, in an eastern land,
In a land beyond the sea ;
A song was sung by an angel band,
In celestial harmony ;
And that song has re-echoed down the years,
And it falls on the heart to-day,
As fresh as when under starry spheres
The eastern shepherds lay,—
And marvelled to hear in the night so still
The heavenly host proclaim,
"Peace on the earth, to men good-will,
In the new-born Saviour's name!"

HALIFAX, N.S. —*Constance Fairbanks.*

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

WITHIN the area of my own district, I am, to a greater extent than even others engaged in the work of visitation among the poor, "the man in the street." As a rule, I am "on round" all the day, and every day. I know, and am known to, the majority of those I meet in the street. It is my cue, so far as may be, to adapt myself to the habits and customs of the street folks, and, within becoming limits, to be hail-fellow-well-met with them. I am constantly "passing the time of day" with them, and am frequently addressed by some man or woman among them who has something more than good-day to say. Sometimes they wish to speak of their own affairs, sometimes of the affairs of others, or, occasionally, their object is to criticise my work. Speaking from their knowledge of the circumstances of some given case, they suggest—in idiomatic terms, and more or less emphatically—that I have left undone things that I ought to have done, or done things that I ought not to have done. It often happens, however, that some incidental matter that "crops up" in the course of a conversation so commenced will prove to be of greater interest than the subject originally mentioned. Such an instance was the one of which I am now about to speak.

I was passing a "commanding corner public-house," the footway in front of which was a favourite lounging place of sundry of the corner-men of the district, when one of the loafers, a young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, left his companions, and, walking beside me, entered into conversation by saying:

"Excuse me, sir; but have you been to Smith's?"

"Well, I had heard the name before," I answered in a mildly jocular strain, and, as a matter of fact, had at one time or another visited a great many Smiths.

"Right you are, guv'nor," said the young fellow, "but I was coming to that. John Smith, number one, London, wouldn't be much use, would it? But this is Ted Smith, and he is to be dug up at twenty-four B—— Street."

"I had not hitherto 'dug up' that particular Smith," I answered.

"Then you take my tip," said my interrogator; "if you ain't looked him up you ought'er."

"Very well," I replied, "I would take his tip, and to that end would jot down the address at once."

Accordingly, opening my note-book, I paused in my walk to write. Though at the moment I had not observed it, I was speedily made aware that I had come to a standstill by the window of a photographic establishment. It was a humble one of its kind, and not among those usually affected by the shop-window gazers of the district. On this afternoon, however, there was quite a large and animated group of idlers around it. Having fulfilled his mission of calling my attention to the desirability of "digging up" Ted Smith, the young corner-man joined the group, and it was hearing him suddenly "striking into" the conversation that caused me to look up. The object of attraction in the window was an enlarged and tinted—rather too highly tinted—and handsomely framed photograph, the portrait of an elderly man wearing over his ordinary clothing the collar, and scarf, and badges of office of some association using such outward and visible signs of its existence and object.

"Who is it?" asked my loafer, addressing himself more particularly to a young fellow of about his own age, evidently an out-of-work labourer, but with nothing of the corner-man stamp about him.

"Who is it?" the latter, turning a somewhat contemptuous look upon his questioner, "Why, Old Dick."

"Old Dick?" repeated the first speaker, still inquiringly.

"Yes; Old Dick. Old While-you-wait, you know." Then seeing that the other evidently did *not* know, the speaker impatiently added, "The old cobbler in S—— Street; him as has the place that used to be a coke-shed."

"O' course it is!" exclaimed my man, his face brightening as light at length broke in upon him. "Ain't it like him, too, and ain't he got 'em all on?"

"Well, yes," assented the other; "he seems to have put his war-paint on to be took in. But he ain't the sort of customer to do that on his own account. I expect the lodge is making him a present of this likeness, or else they are having it done for themselves, to hang up in the lodge."

"What lodge?—what does he belong to?" came the next question.

"Why, the teetotalers; can't you see?" was the answer, again accompanied by a rather withering look.

"All right; keep your curls on," answered the loafer quite unabashed. "I ain't up in this sort of thing. I can see he is

sporting a full-blown 'regalier' of some sort, but he might 'a' been an Ancient Buffalo or a Comical Fellow for anything I know. You see, teetotalism isn't in my line; and, if you ask me, I shouldn't say it was in yours."

"I don't ask you," said the other; "all the same, I expect it would be better for the pair of us if it was both our lines. At any rate, Old Dick there is a teetotaler, and a good one. His lodge is proud of him, and so they ought to be; he is the best speaker they have got by a long way."

"How do you know?" asked his interlocutor in a distinctively aggressive tone.

"There is only one way to know, I suppose," the other retorted; "I've heard the other speakers, and I've heard him." And once more there was anger in the tone and look of the speaker.

At this point the pair walked away from the window, and accompanying them much as the one of them had accompanied me in the first instance, and, assuming the freedom of manners incidental to out-door life in the district, joined in their talk.

"Whose portrait was it you were looking at?—what is his name, I mean?" I asked, addressing myself to the young man who had been looking at the photograph when I had paused to make the entry in my note-book.

"I'm blessed if I know," he answered after a pause, and looking first surprised and then amused at the discovery of his own ignorance upon the point. "Of course, he has a name," he went on, "but, now I come to think of it, I never heard it. Everybody calls him just Old Dick; leastways, unless they speak of him as While-you-wait, but that is only along of his trade. Nowadays you see in lots of the big shoe-shop windows a printed notice, 'Repairs While You Wait.' Well, when he sees one of these bills the old man says—he has a lot of odd sayings—'That is my thunder,' which he means it was his original idea. He had it in his window in writing years before the bills came to be printed; and there is no mistake about his being a while-you-wait trade; for there aren't one in a hundred of his customers as ever has more than one pair of boots at a time. That is why he is sometimes called While-you-wait, though you often hear him spoken of as Old Dick. Not that he is so very old either," he continued reflectively; "about sixty, I should say, but still upright and down-straight, and sound as a bell. He could give most of the young 'uns a start and a beating in the way of a day's work, and when the day's work is over he'll do his six miles out and home as a summer-evening stroll, or in the winter knock off a rattling speech."

"You have heard him speak?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. And though he directed his conversation to me he now spoke at our companion. "It was this way. One night I was passing the temperance hall when I sees on the wall a written bill with 'Come and have a glass' upon it. This is a rum start, thinks I to myself; and seeing a lot of others going in I went in too. It turned out it was Old Dick who was the leading speaker for the night, and when he steps on the platform, 'Come

and have a glass,' says he, quite quiet like, just as if he had met a mate. That was his text, as you may say, and he went round it like a cooper round a cask. 'Come and have a glass,' he says; 'that is how you working men salute each other when you meet. You think that is good-fellowship; and there being always in this blessed England of ours a public-house at hand you turn in and have a glass. There you find other friends having a glass, and it is, 'Won't you join us?' Presently it is, 'We'll have another;' then, 'It is my turn next,' and 'My turn next,' and 'Just one more,' and 'I haven't stood a round yet,' and so on.

"'You not only have a glass, but a number of glasses, and while you are having them, while you are wasting your time, and money, and health in the glare, and glitter, and riot of the public-house, perhaps the wife or child of some one of you is waiting and watching in the cold and darkness without; watching for the husband or father who isn't man enough to keep watch upon himself, who is spending in drink what ought to go for food, or firing, or clothing for his wife and little ones. Or if he happens to be a fellow who is earning good wages and tells you that his family don't have to go short of necessaries because he takes his glass, if he is only spending on drink what he ought to be putting aside for a rainy day, then he also happens to be one of your pot-valiant sort. When he is turned out of the public-house at closing time he is likely to get himself into the hands of the police if some member of his family is not upon his track to save him from his drunken self, to tell people not to heed him, that he does not know what he is saying or doing, that he is *drunk*.

"'After glassing in the public-house at night you wake in the morning too late, or too ill to turn out, and so lose a morning quarter; and, of course, the lost wages for the lost quarter have to be added to the price of your glass. More than this, when times of bad trade set in and workmen are being discharged, your drinking, quarter-losing hands are always among the first to have to go. And when you are out of work how is it then? Why, it is still a case of 'Come and have a glass.' Never 'Come and have the price of a loaf, or of a sack of coals, or anything of that kind that your wife and children could share.' No, it is 'Come and have a glass,' and you go and have a glass, and perhaps two or three or more glasses.

"'Then with the drink aboard you go to look for work, and managers or foremen see that you are a 'Have a glass-man,' and you miss employment that otherwise you might have got. You've heard of the saying about people paying dear for their whistle. Well, the drink is many a working man's whistle, and if they would only reckon up how much it cost them one way and another they would find they paid very dear for it indeed. Take my advice, never ask anyone to come and have a glass. To do so is not the act of a friend, but of an enemy. And if anyone asks you to come and have a glass, 'No, John; no, John,' that's what you must say, John.' That is about how the old man put it," concluded the young fellow, evidently proud of his effort of memory.

"Good boy, Johnny, go up one; you've got it all off like a book," exclaimed the loafer sneeringly, by way of comment.

"Yes, I've got what he said pat enough," answered the other, "though as yet I have not had the pluck to act upon his advice. While-you-wait is the sort of speaker that rubs in what he has to say. It knocks you hard, and you may not like it, but you can't get away from it, and you can't forget it. If you think you can pick holes in his speeches you go to the hall and have a try."

"Not me," said the corner-man.

"You know better," said the admirer of While-you-wait, "as far as sense and argument go it would be a case of send for the coroner; the old man would make mincemeat of you."

He spoke with scornful emphasis and turned on his heel as he finished, while the loafer, not being ready of wit, could think of no better retort than "Garn!" as he too turned to lounge back to his favourite corner.

From what I had thus heard of him I was anxious to make the acquaintance of the eloquent cobbler, and a few days later an opportunity to do so presented itself. I was visiting a family that was chronically in distressful circumstances owing to the drinking habits of the father, an unskilled labourer, who, however, had regular employment if he cared to apply himself regularly to it. On the occasion here in question he had been "on the drink" from Saturday to Tuesday, the day of my visit. He had spent the greater part of his week's earnings in drink, the wife having only been able to capture a few shillings, which had gone to her landlord, with whom she was in arrears of rent. As a consequence she and her children were in sore straits. A seven-year-old little girl was trotting about the house barefooted, and referring to this and speaking to the mother I remarked "I suppose you have had to 'put away' her boots."

"Well not exactly," answered the mother, "they were not in a condition to be put away. All the same I might say, they *are* in pawn. I had sent them to While-you-wait's to be repaired, and he won't part with them because I can't pay his charge. He is a very kind-hearted old man in a general way," she added, "but he is strong against drink, and he knows why it is that I can't pay."

It was of this incident that I made use to introduce myself to While-you-wait. Being regarded, as he evidently was, as a "bit of a character," I took as a matter of course that he should be known by a nickname—the unvarying penalty of (local) fame in my district. As already mentioned, the old man's place, his workshop and dwelling combined, had originally been a coke shed. It was snugly situated at the rear of a chandler's shop, and you only came upon it after passing through a winding passage. The cobbler, who was a "handy man," had greatly improved the original structure of rough "slab" wood. The inner walls were match-boarded, and in winter time were further fortified with neat hangings of rush matting. A seven-foot-high partition divided the workroom from the bachelor living and sleeping apartment. On the workroom side of the partition were hung a couple of well-

filled bookshelves, and a row of "lending out" boots—boots well worn but still serviceable, which were lent for the day to customers who otherwise would have to lose work while their own boots were "laid up for repairs."

Beside the work bench there was another for the accommodation of waiting customers, though customers were not always the only persons to be found in waiting. Numbers of those who were upon sufficiently intimate terms with the old man to feel privileged to do so would come and spend a vacant hour in his stall, the more especially as he took in a daily paper which lay about at the service of callers. The old man rather encouraged this dropping in at will upon the part of his acquaintances. It was no hindrance to him. He had accustomed himself to "whistle and ride," work and talk, and was eager to seize upon any opportunity to improve the occasion with respect to his favourite topic of temperance.

He could have boasted, had he been given to boast, that his habit of improving the occasion had not been wholly vain. In his cobbler's stall, his word in season had won to the side of temperance some whom platform eloquence and open air demonstrations had failed to bring in. Much of this of course I learned later and by degrees. On the day of our meeting I found Old Dick a vigorous-looking old man—tall and thin, but wiry and muscular and straight. He had a well-shaped head, and his features, though perhaps not "well cut," were redeemed from mere homeliness by their intelligent and resolute expression. As he looked up from his work on my entrance I saw that he knew me, so without any formal self-introduction I bade him good day, and said that I had called to see him on a small matter of business—about little Annie H——'s boots.

"If you have called about them simply as a matter of business," he answered, "if, that is, you have come to pay for them and have them sent home, why so it must be. At the same time if you will excuse me saying so, I think you would be making a mistake to do so. There are circumstances under which it may in the end be profitable to those concerned to act to some extent upon the principle of being cruel to be kind. Not that I think that any actual cruelty need be involved in this instance. It will do the child no harm to patter about the house barefooted in this warm weather, while her having to do so for a day or two may make some impression upon the father. You can sometimes get at a drunkard through his children when all other means have failed."

"Only sometimes unfortunately," I said.

"Well, yes, only sometimes," he agreed; "in but too many cases your drunkard is proof against any and every form of appeal; will sacrifice wife and child, home, good name, everything to the accursed thing. In this connection the best you can say of them as a class is on negative lines. As a rule they won't try to prevent you attempting to save their children from following in their footsteps. I speak from some experience upon this point, for I am one of the oldest recruiting officers for our Bands of Hope."

Continuing the conversation, I said that I had a few days previously fallen in with an enthusiastic admirer of his eloquence.

"I won't say anything about eloquence," answered the old man calmly, "but I know what I am talking about. I am always in earnest, and I speak from an assured position. When I tell an audience that my aim is to put down drink, they cannot throw the old joke at me and bawl out that I have put down a good deal of drink in my time. I have always been a total abstainer, have never in my life tasted intoxicants. None the less, I might say I had personal cause for taking up my parable against drink. I was born of drunken parents, and as a child had to tumble up as best I could in a drink-ruined home. The remembrance of what I saw and suffered in this way bred in me a horror of drink.

"It may be arguing from insufficient premises, but my own experience has been a chief reason with me for having my doubts as to the drink-craving being hereditary. I don't know that the theory has ever been scientifically demonstrated, and if it is a rule there are happily a good many exceptions to it. What unquestionably descends from generation to generation with us is our all-pervading drinking customs—the garish public-house yawning wherever a man may turn, the practice of making drink a symbol of friendship and hospitality, of introducing it into all manner of public and private proceedings, whether joyous or sad.

"Our social customs and surroundings are a lure to drinking, especially among the poor who are everywhere overshadowed by the public-house, and whose shibboleth is 'Let us have a drink.' It is our customs, as it seems to me, that are chiefly responsible for the creation of the drink habit and the drink craving, and all the sin and sorrow and suffering that result from them. Let us get rid of the customs which not only afford a means, but constitute a temptation, to drink, and I think we should soon hear very, very little about heredity in the matter of drunkenness."

On this and some other points in connection with the great drink question While-you-wait holds distinctive views, and his opinions are always worth considering, for he is not only a speaker, but a thinker. Like most of the unattached workers for the "elevation of the masses," who are themselves in and of the working classes, he carries special weight with those classes, and will sometimes succeed where other workers, though equally earnest and energetic, may fail. He has done much good work in his day, but few realize more clearly or sadly than does he how much of the work to which he has devoted himself remains to be done. He is firmly persuaded that, bad as is the existing position in regard to the drink question, it would have been much worse but for the efforts of the Army of Temperance.

At the same time he does not blind himself to the fact that our drinking customs show little sign of abatement, that our annual drink bill tends rather to increase than diminish, and that its amount is still a measure of the prosperity of the working classes of the country. But the old man is not without hopefulness. "I shall not see the promised land even from afar," he will sometimes say, "though it is borne in upon me that it lies beyond. If we who have been delivered from the bondage work and pray without ceasing, our efforts will in the end be crowned. Though we

of the old brigade shall not live to see it, there will yet be a sober England, an England in which the demon of drink will be chained, an England less sinful, less miserable, and more God-fearing in proportion as she is more sober."

Meanwhile old While-you-wait bears himself bravely in the good fight against the great evil. His name is familiar as a household word with those among whom he lives and moves. He is beloved by those he has been instrumental in bringing out of the deeps, and admired and respected by those who, like the young fellow who first spoke of him to me, appreciate his counsel even though they have not been wise enough to act upon it. In these latter cases, however, it is to be hoped that the seed has not all fallen upon stony ground, but that the good this humble but able disciple of temperance has done may live after him.

OUR CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Not only by lips of prophets with the word of the Lord aflame,
Not only by echo from heart to heart of the great Messiah's name,
Not only by vision of sages, bearers of gold and myrrh,
Was lifted the veil of the ages with the breath of God astir;
But a star went wandering earthward, guiding the pilgrim feet
Where loving God and sinful man in perfect childhood meet;
And there was the shepherds' vision of shining silvery wings,
And the song that should ring and echo until the whole world sings,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Hear it rise and fall again,
"Peace on earth, wood-will to men."

There's a glimmer still in the darkness, a shining athwart the gloom;
There's a whisper of God in human souls "Make for the Christ-King room."
There are hearts that faint for the tokens of His coming from afar,
And feet astray—for the hiding of Bethlehem's guiding star;
There are soul's with gifts to bring Him—treasures of love unpriced;
They look for God—but see Him not in the tender and sweet Child-Christ.
The guiding star is shrouded in the Ages' sorrow and wrong
And the heavens have lost the chiming of the shining angel's song,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Shall it not be heard again?
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a message out of the star-land. The voices that must ring
Are thine, that can echo the angels, and herald our Lord the King.
With never a hush nor a silence should the Christmas melody rise,
Till the hearts of the lowest and saddest uplift to the Bethlehem skies;
Till the sad world makes it ready—freed from its strife and sin,
Each heart a sacred temple—for the Christ-Child entering in;
Till even the souls in prison are tuned to the angel's chord,
And ye set the whole world singing of the coming of the Lord,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Raise the Christmas song again;
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

CRAWFORD'S SAIR STRAIT.—A CONFLICT WITH CONSCIENCE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tallisker was a man as quick in action as in resolve; the next night he left for London. It was no light journey in those days for a man of his years, and who had never in all his life been farther away from Perthshire than Edinburgh. But he feared nothing. He was going into the wilderness after his own stray sheep, and he had a conviction that any path of duty is a safe path. He said little to anyone. The people looked strangely on him. He almost fancied himself to be Christian going through Vanity Fair.

He went first to Colin's old address in Regent's Place. He did not expect to find him there, but it might lead him to the right place. Number 34 Regent's Place proved to be a very grand house. As he went up to the door, an open carriage, containing a lady and a child, left it. A man dressed in the Crawford tartan opened the door.

"Crawford?" inquired Tallisker, "is he at home?"

"Yes, he is at home;" and the servant ushered him into a carefully-shaded room, where marble statues gleamed in dusk corners and great flowering plants made the air fresh and cool. It was the first time Tallisker had ever seen a calla lily, and he looked with wonder and delight at the gleaming flowers. And somehow he thought of Helen. Colin sat in a great leathern chair reading. He did not lift his head until the door closed and he was sensible the servant had left some one behind. Then for a moment he could hardly realize who it was; but when he did, he came forward with a glad cry.

"Dominie! O Tallisker!"

"Just so, Colin, my dear lad. O Colin, you are the warst man I ever kenned. You had a good share o' original sin to start wi', but what wi' pride and self-will and ill-will, the old trouble is sairly increased."

Colin smiled gravely. "I think you misjudge me, dominie." Then refreshments were sent for, and the two men sat down for a long mutual confidence.

Colin's life had not been uneventful. He told it frankly, without reserve and without pride. When he quarrelled with his father about entering Parliament, he left Rome at once, and went to Canada. He had some idea of joining his lot with his own people there. But he found them in a state of suffering destitution. They had been unfortunate in their choice of location, and were enduring an existence barer than the one they had left, without any of its redeeming features. Colin gave them all he had, and left them with promises of future aid.

Then he went to New York. When he arrived, there was an intense excitement over the struggle then going on in the little republic of Texas. He found out something about the country; as for the struggle, it was the old struggle of freedom against papal and priestly dominion. That was a quarrel for which Scotchmen have always been ready to draw the sword. It was Scotland's old quarrel in the New World, and Colin went into it heart and soul. He also secured an immense tract of the noble rolling Western prairie. Then he determined to bring the Crawfords down, and plant them in this garden of the Lord. It was for this end he had written to his father for £4,000. This sum had sufficed to transplant them to their new home, and give them a start. He had left them happy and contented, and felt now that in this matter he had absolved his conscience of all wrong.

"But you ought to hae told the laird. It was vera ill-considered. It was his affair more than yours. I like the thing you did, Colin, but I hate the way you did it. One shouldna be selfish even in a good wark."

"It was the laird's own fault; he would not let me explain."

"Colin, are you married?"

"Yes. I married a Boston lady. I have a son three years old. My wife was in Texas with me. She had a large fortune of her own."

"You are a maist respectable man, Colin, but I dinna like it at all. What are you doing wi' your time? This grand house costs something."

"I am an artist—a successful one, if that is not also against me."

"Your father would think sae. Oh, my dear lad, you hae gane far astray from the old Crawford ways."

"I cannot help that, dominie. I must live according to my light. I am sorry about father."

Then the dominie in the most forcible manner painted the old laird's hopes and cruel disappointments. There were tears in Colin's eyes as he reasoned with him. And at this point his own son came into the room. Perhaps for the first time Colin looked at the lad as the future heir of Crawford. A strange thrill of family and national pride stirred his heart. He threw the little fellow shoulder high, and in that moment regretted that he had flung away the child's chance of being Earl of Crawford. He understood then something of the anger and suffering his father had endured, and he put the boy down very solemnly. For if Colin was anything he was just; if his father had been his bitterest enemy, he would, at this moment, have acknowledged his own aggravation.

Then Mrs. Crawford came in. She had heard all about the dominie, and she met him like a daughter. Colin had kept his word. This fair, sunny-haired, blue-eyed woman was the wife he had dreamed about; and Tallisker told him he had at any rate done right in that matter. "The bonnie little Republican," as he called her, queened it over the dominie from the first hour of their acquaintance.

He stayed a week in London, and during it visited Colin's studio. He went there at Colin's urgent request, but with evident reluctance. A studio to the simple dominie had almost the same worldly flavour as a theatre. He had many misgivings as they went down Pall Mall, but he was soon reassured. There was a singular air of repose and quiet in the large, cool room. And the first picture he cast his eyes upon reconciled him to Colin's most un-Crawford-like taste.

It was "The Farewell of the Emigrant Clan." The dominie's knees shook, and he turned pale with emotion. How had Colin reproduced that scene, and not only reproduced but idealized it! There were the gray sea and the gray sky, and the gray granite boulder rocks on which the chief stood, the waiting ships, and the loaded boats, and he himself in the prow of the foremost one. He almost felt the dear old hymn thrilling through the still room. In some way, too, Colin had grasped the grandest points of his father's character. In this picture the man's splendid physical beauty seemed in some mysterious way to give assurance of an equally splendid spiritual nature.

"If this is making pictures, Colin, I'll no say but what you could paint a sermon, my dear lad. I hae ne'er seen a picture before." Then he turned to another, and his swarthy face glowed with an intense emotion. There was a sudden sense of tightening in his throat, and he put his hand up and slowly raised his hat. It was Prince Charlie entering Edinburgh. The handsome, unfortunate youth rode bareheaded amid the Gordons and the Murrays and a hundred Highland noblemen. The women had their children shoulder high to see him; the citizens, bonnets up, were pressing up to his bridle-rein. It stirred Tallisker like a peal of trumpets. With the tears streaming down his glowing face, he cried out:

"How daur ye, sir! You are just the warst rebel between the seas! King George ought to hang you up at Carlisle-gate. And this is painting! This is artist's wark! And you choose your subjects wisely, Colin: it is a gift the angels might be proud o'." He lingered long in the room, and when he left it, "Prince Charlie" and the "Clan's Farewell" were his own. They were to go back with him to the manse at Crawford.

CHAPTER IX.

It was, upon the whole, a wonderful week to Tallisker; he returned home with the determination that the laird must recall his banished. He had tried to induce Colin to condone all past grievances, but Colin had, perhaps wisely, said he could not go back upon a momentary impulse. The laird must know all, and accept him just as he was. He had once been requested not to come home unless he came prepared to enter into political life. He had refused the alternative then, and he should refuse it again.

The laird must understand these things, or the quarrel would probably be renewed, perhaps aggravated.

And Tallisker thought that, in this respect, Colin was right. He would at any rate hide nothing from the laird, he should know all; and really he thought he ought to be very grateful that the "all" was so much better than might have been.

The laird was not glad. A son brought down to eat the husk of evil ways, poor, sick, suppliant, would have found a far readier welcome. He would gladly have gone to meet Colin, even while he was yet a great way off, only he wanted Colin to be weary and footsore and utterly dependent on his love. He heard with a grim silence Tallisker's description of the house in Regent's Place, with its flowers and books, its statues, pictures and conservatory. When Tallisker told him of the condition of the Crawfords in Canada, he was greatly moved. He was interested and pleased with the Texan struggle. He knew nothing of Texas, had never heard of the country, but Mexicans, Spaniards, and the Inquisition were one in his mind.

"That at least was Crawford-like," he said warmly, when told of Colin's part in the struggle.

But the subsequent settlement of the clan there hurt him terribly. "He should hae told me. He shouldna hae minded what I said in such a case. I had a right to know. Colin has used me vera hardly about this. Has he not, Tallisker?"

"Yes, laird, Colin was vera wrong there. He knows it now."

"What is he doing in such a grand house? How does he live?"

"He is an artist—a vera great one, I should say."

"He paints pictures for a living! He! A Crawford o' Traquare! I'll no believe it, Tallisker."

"There's naught to fret about, laird. You'll ken that some day. Then his wife had money."

"His wife! Sae he is married. That is o' a piece wi' the rest. Wha is she?"

"He married an American—a Boston lady."

Then the laird's passion was no longer controllable, and he said some things the dominie was very angry at.

"Laird," he answered, "Mrs. Colin Crawford is my friend. You'll no daur to speak any way but respectful o' her in my presence. She is as good as any Crawford that ever trod the heather. She came o' the English Hampdens. Whar will ye get better blood than that?"

"No Hampdens that ever lived—"

"Whist! Whist, laird! The Crawfords are like a' ither folk; they have twa legs and twa hands."

"He should hae married a Scots lass, though she had carried a milking-pail."

"Laird, let me tell you there will be nae special heaven for the Gael. They that want to go to heaven by themsel's arena likely to win there at a'. You may as well learn to live with ither folk here; you 'll hae to do it to a' eternity."

"If I get to heaven, Dominie Tallisker, I 'll hae special graces

for the place. I'm no going to put mysel' in a blazing passion for you to-night. Yon London woman has bewitched you. She 's wanting to come to the Keep, I'll warrant."

"If ye saw the hame she has you wouldna warrant your ain word a minute longer, laird. And I'm sure I dinna see what she would want to hae twa Crawfords to guide for. One is mair than enough whiles. It's a wonder to me how good women put up wi' us at all!"

"*Humff!*" said the laird scornfully. "Too many words on a spoiled subject."

"I must say one mair, though. There is a little lad, a bonnie, brave, bit fellow, your ain grandson, Crawford."

"An American Crawford!" And the laird laughed bitterly. "A foreigner! an alien! a Crawford born in England! Guid-night, Tallisker! We'll drop the subject, an it please you."

Tallisker let it drop. He had never expected the laird to give in at the first cry of "Surrender." But he reflected that the winter was coming, and that its long nights would give plenty of time for thought and plenty of opportunities for further advocacy. He wrote constantly to Colin and his wife, perhaps oftener to Mrs. Crawford than to the young laird, for she was a woman of great tact and many resources, and Tallisker believed in her.

Crawford had said a bitter word about her coming to the Keep, and Tallisker could not help thinking what a blessing she would be there; for one of Crawford's great troubles now was the wretchedness of his household arrangements. The dainty cleanliness and order which had ruled it during Helen's life were quite departed. The garden was neglected, and all was disorder and discomfort. Now it is really wonderful how much of the solid comfort of life depends upon a well-arranged home, and the home must depend upon some woman. Men may mar the happiness of a household, but they cannot make it. Women are the happiness makers. The laird never thought of it in this light, but he did know that he was very uncomfortable.

"I canna even get my porridge made right," he said fretfully to the dominie.

"You should hae a proper person o'er them ne'er-do-weel servants o' yours, laird. I ken one that will do you."

"Wha is she?"

"A Mrs. Hope."

"A widow?"

"No, not a widow, but she is not living with her husband."

"Then she'll ne'er win into my house, dominie."

"She has good and sufficient reasons. I uphold her. Do you think I would sanction aught wrong, laird?"

No more was said at that time, but a month afterwards Mrs. Hope had walked into the Keep and taken everything into her clever little hands. Drunken, thieving, idle servants had been replaced by men and women thoroughly capable and efficient. The laird's tastes were studied, his wants anticipated, his home became bright, restful and quiet. The woman was young and

wonderfully pretty, and Crawford soon began to watch her with a genuine interest.

"She'll be ane o' the Hopes o' Beaton," he thought; "she is vera like them."

At any rate he improved under her sway, for being thoroughly comfortable himself, he was inclined to have consideration for others.

One afternoon, as he came from the works, it began to snow. He turned aside to the manse to borrow a plaid of Tallisker. He very seldom went to the manse, but in the keen, driving snow, the cheerful fire gleaming through the window looked very inviting. He thought he would go in and take a cup of tea with Tallisker.

"Come awa in, laird," cried old Janet, "come awa in. You are a sight good for sair e'en. The dominie will be back anon, and I'll gie ye a drap o' hot tay till he comes."

So the laird went in, and the first thing he saw was Colin's picture of "The Clan's Farewell." It moved him to his very heart. He divined at once whose work it was, and he felt that it was wonderful. It must be acknowledged, too, that he was greatly pleased with Colin's conception of himself.

"I'm no bad-looking Crawford," he thought complacently; "the lad has had a vera clear notion o' what he was doing."

Personal flattery is very subtle and agreeable. Colin rose in his father's opinion that hour. Then he turned to Prince Charlie. How strange is that vein of romantic loyalty marbling the granite of Scotch character! The commonplace man of coal and iron became in the presense of his ideal prince a feudal chieftain again. His heart swelled to that pictured face as the great sea swelled to the bending moon. He understood in that moment how his fathers felt it easy to pin on the white cockade and give up everything for an impossible loyalty.

The dominie found him in this mood. He turned back to every-day life with a sigh.

"Weel, dominie, you are a man o' taste. When did you begin buying pictures?"

"I hae no money for pictures, laird. The artist gave me them."

"You mean Colin Crawford gave you them."

"That is what I mean."

"Weel, I'm free to say Colin kens how to choose grand subjects. I didna think there was so much in a picture. I wouldna dare keep that poor dear prince in my house. I shouldna be worth a bawbee at the works. It was a wonderfu' wise step, that forbidding o' pictures in the kirks. I can vera weel see how they would lead to a sinfu' idolatry."

"Yes, John Knox kent well the temper o' the metal he had to work. There's nae greater hero-worshippers than Scots folk. They are aye making idols for themsel's. Whiles it 's Wallace, then it 's Bruce or Prince Charlie; nay, there are decent, pious folk that gie Knox himsel' a honouring he wouldna thank them for. But, laird, there is a mair degraded idolatry still—that o'

gold. We are just as ready as ever the Jews were to fall down before a calf, an' it only be a golden one."

"Let that subject alane, dominie. It will tak a jury o' rich men to judge a rich man. A poor man isna competent. The rich hae straits the poor canna fathom."

And then he saw in light as clear as crystal a slip of paper hid away in a secret drawer.

Just at this moment a little lad bairn entered the room; a child with bright eyes, and a comically haughty, confident manner. He attracted Crawford's attention at once.

"What's your name, my wee man?"

"Alexander is my name."

"That is my name."

"It is not," he answered positively; "don't say that any more."

"Will you hae a sixpence?"

"Yes, I will. Money is good. It buys sweeties."

"Whose boy is that, dominie?"

"Mrs. Hope's. I thought he would annoy you. He is a great pleasure to me."

"Let him come up to the Keep whiles. I'll no mind him."

When he rose to go he stood a moment before each picture, then suddenly asked,

"Where is young Crawford?"

"In Rome."

"A nice place for him to be! He'd be in Babylon, doubtless, if it was on the face of the earth."

When he went home he shut himself in his room and almost stealthily took out that slip of paper. It had begun to look yellow and faded, and Crawford had a strange fancy that it had a sad, pitiful appearance. He held it in his hand a few moments and then put it back again. It would be the new year soon, and he would decide then. He had made similar promises often; they always gave him temporary comfort.

Then gradually another element of pleasure crept into his life —Mrs. Hope's child. The boy amused him; he never resented his pretty, authoritative ways; a queer kind of companionship sprang up between them. It was one of perfect equality every way; an old man easily becomes a little child. And those who only knew Crawford among coals and pig iron would have been amazed to see him keeping up a mock dispute with this baby.

CHAPTER X.

One day, getting towards the end of December, the laird awoke in a singular mood. He had no mind to go to the works, and the weather promised to give him a good excuse.

"There is the dominie," cried Mrs. Hope, about one o'clock. "What brings him here through such a storm?"

Crawford walked to the door to meet him. He came striding

over the soaking moor with his plaid folded tightly around him and his head bent before the blast. He was greatly excited.

"Crawford, come wi' me. The *Athol* passenger packet is driving before this wind, and there is a fishing smack in her wake."

"Gie us some brandy wi' us, Mrs. Hope, and you'll hae fires and blankets and a' thing needfu' in case o' accident, ma'am. He was putting on his bonnet and plaid while he spoke, and in five minutes the men were hastening to the seaside.

It was a deadly coast to be on in a storm with a gale blowing to land. A long reef of sharp rocks lay all along it, and now the line of foaming breakers was to any ship a terrible omen of death and destruction. The packet was almost helpless, and the laird and Tallisker found a crowd of men waiting the catastrophe that was every moment imminent.

"She ought to hae gien hersel' plenty o' sea room," said the laird. He was half angry to see all the interest centred on the packet. The little fishing cobble was making, in his opinion, a far more sensible struggle for existence. She was managing her small resources with desperate skill.

"Tallisker," said the laird, "you stay here with these men. Rory and I are going half a mile up the coast. If the cobble drives on shore, the current will take a boat as light as she is over the Bogie Rock and into the surf yonder. There are three or four honest men in her, quite as weel worth the saving as those stranger merchant bodies that will be in the packet."

So Crawford and Rory hastened to the point they had decided on, and just as they reached it the boat became unmanageable. The wind took her in its teeth, shook her a moment or two like a thing of straw and rags, and then flung her, keel upwards, on the Bogie Rock. Two of the men were evidently good swimmers; the others were a boy and an old man. Crawford plunged boldly in after the latter. The waves buffeted him, and flung him down, and lifted him up, but he was a fine surf swimmer, and he knew every rock on that dangerous coast. After a hard struggle, all were brought safe to land.

Then they walked back to where the packet had been last seen. She had gone to pieces. A few men waited on the beach, picking up the dead, and such boxes and packages as were dashed on shore. Only three of all on board had been rescued, and they had been taken to the Keep for succour and rest.

The laird hastened home. He had not felt as young for many years. The struggle, though one of life and death, had not wearied him like a day's toil at the works, for it had been a struggle to which the soul had girded itself gladly, and helped and borne with it the mortal body. He came in all glowing and glad; a form lay on his own couch before the fire. The dominie and Mrs. Hope were bending over it. As he entered, Mrs. Hope sprang forward—

"Father!"

"Eh? Father? What is this?"

"Father, it is Colin."

Then he knew it all. Colin stretched out a feeble hand towards him. He was sorely bruised and hurt, he was white and helpless and death-like.

"Father!"

And the father knelt down beside him. Wife and friend walked softly away. In the solemn moment when these two long-parted souls met again there was no other love that could intermeddle.

"My dear father—forgive me!"

Then the laird kissed his recovered son, and said tenderly:

"Son Colin, you are all I have, and all I have is yours."

"Father, my wife and son."

Then the old man proudly and fondly kissed Hope Crawford too, and he clasped the little lad in his arms. He was well pleased that Hope had thought it worth while to minister to his comfort, and let him learn how to know her fairly.

"But it was your doing, Tallisker, I ken it was; it has your mark on it." And he grasped his old friend's hand with a very hearty grip.

"Not altogether, laird. Colin had gone to Rome on business, and you were in sair discomfort, and I just named it to Mrs Hope. After a' it was her proposal. Naebody but a woman would hae thought o' such a way to win round you."

Perhaps it was well that Colin was sick and very helpless for some weeks. During them the two men learned to understand and to respect each other's peculiarities. Crawford himself was wonderfully happy; he would not let any thought of the past darken his heart. He looked forward as hopefully as if he were yet on the threshold of life.

O mystery of life! from what depths proceed thy comforts and thy lessons! One morning at very early dawn Crawford awoke from a deep sleep in an indescribable awe. In some vision of the night he had visited that piteous home which memory builds, and where only in sleep we walk. Whom had he seen there? What message had he received? This he never told. He had been "spoken to."

Tallisker was not the man to smile at any such confidence. He saw no reason why God's messengers should not meet His children in the border-land of dreams. Thus He had counselled and visited the patriarchs and prophets of old. He was a God who changeth not; and if He had chosen to send Crawford a message in this way, it was doubtless some special word, for some special duty or sorrow. But he had really no idea of what Crawford had come to confess to him.

"Tallisker, I hae been a man in a sair strait for many a year. I hae not indeed hid the Lord's talent in a napkin, but I hae done a warse thing; I hae been trading wi' it for my ain proper advantage. O dominie, I hae been a wretched man through it all. Nane ken better than I what a hard master the deil is."

Then he told the dominie of Helen's bequest. He went over all the arguments with which he had hitherto quieted his conscience,

and he anxiously watched their effect upon Tallisker. He had a hope even yet that the dominie might think them reasonable. But the table at which they sat was not less demonstrative than Tallisker's face; for once he absolutely controlled himself till the story was told. Then he said to Crawford:

"I'll no tak any responsibility in a matter between you and your conscience. If you gie it, gie it without regret and without holding back. Gie it cheerfully; God loves a cheerful giver. But it isna wi' me you'll find the wisdom to guide you in this matter. Shut yoursel' in your ain room, and sit down at the foot o' the cross and think it out. It is a big sum to gie away, but maybe, in the face o' that stupendous Sacrifice it willna seem so big. I'll walk up in the evening, laird; perhaps you will then hae decided what to do."

Crawford was partly disappointed. He had hoped that Tallisker would in some way take the burden from him—he had instead sent him to the foot of the cross. He did not feel as if he dared to neglect the advice; so he went thoughtfully to his own room and locked the door. Then he took out his private ledger. Many a page had been written the last ten years. It was the book of a very rich man. He thought of all his engagements and plans and hopes, and of how the withdrawal of so large a sum would affect them.

Then he took out Helen's last message, and sat down humbly with it where Tallisker had told him to sit. Suddenly Helen's last words came back to him: "Oh! the unspeakable riches!" Of what? The cross of Christ—the redemption from eternal death—the promise of eternal life!

Sin is like a nightmare; when we stir under it we awake. Crawford sat thinking until his heart burned and softened, and great tears rolled slowly down his cheeks and dropped upon the paper in his hands. Then he thought of the richness of his own life—Colin and Hope, and the already beloved child Alexander—of his happy home, of the prosperity of his enterprises, of his loyal and loving friend Tallisker. What a contrast to the Life he had been told to remember! that pathetic Life that had not where to lay its head, that mysterious agony in Gethsemane, that sublime death on Calvary, and he cried out, "O Christ! O Saviour of my soul! all that I have is too little!"

When Tallisker came in the evening, Hope noticed a strange solemnity about the man. He, too, had been in the presence of God all day. He had been praying for his friend. But as soon as he saw Crawford he knew how the struggle had ended. Quietly they grasped each other's hand, and the evening meal was taken by Colin's side in pleasant cheerfulness. After it, when all were still, the laird spoke;

"Colin and Hope, I hae something I ought to tell you. When your sister Helen died she asked me gie her share o' the estate to the poor children of our Father. I had intended giving Helen £100,000. It is a big sum, and I hae been in a sair strait about it. What say you, Colin?"

"My dear father, I say there is only one way out of that strait. The money must be given as Helen wished it. Helen was a noble girl. It was just like her."

"Ah, Colin, if you could only tell what a burden this bit o' paper has been to me! I left the great weight at the foot o' the cross this morning." As he spoke the paper dropped from his fingers and fell upon the table. Colin lifted it reverently, and kissed it. "Father," he said, "may I keep it now? The day will come when the Crawfords will think with more pride of it than of any parchment they possess."

Then there was an appeal to Tallisker about its disposal. "Laird," he answered, "such a sum must be handled wi' great care. It is not enough to gie money, it must be gien wisely." But he promised to take on himself the labour of enquiry into different charities, and the consideration of what places and objects needed help most. "But, Crawford," he said, "if you hae any special desire, I think it should be regarded."

Then Crawford said he had indeed one. When he was himself young he had desired greatly to enter the ministry, but his father had laid upon him a duty to the family and estate which he had accepted instead.

"Now, dominie," he said, "canna I keep aye a young man in my place?"

"It is a worthy thought, Crawford."

So the first portion of Helen's bequest went to Aberdeen University. This endowment has sent out in Crawford's place many a noble young man into the harvest-field of the world, and who shall say for how many centuries it will keep his name green in earth and heaven! The distribution of the rest does not concern our story. It may safely be left in Dominie Tallisker's hands.

Of course, in some measure it altered Crawford's plans. The new house was abandoned and a wing built to the Keep for Colin's special use. In this portion the young man indulged freely his poetic, artistic tastes. And the laird got to like it. He used to tread softly as soon as his feet entered the large shaded rooms, full of skilful lights and white gleaming statues. He got to enjoy the hot, scented atmosphere and rare blossoms of the conservatory, and it became a daily delight to him to sit an hour in Colin's studio and watch the progress of some favourite picture.

But above all his life was made rich by his grandson. Nature, as she often does, reproduced in the second generation what she had totally omitted in the first. The boy was his grandfather over again. They agreed upon every point. It was the laird who taught Alexander to spear a salmon, and throw a trout-line, and stalk a deer. They had constant confidences about tackle and guns and snares. They were all day together on the hills. The works pleased the boy better than his father's studio. He trotted away with his grandfather gladly to them. The fires and molten metal, the wheels and hammers and tumult, were all enchantments

to him. He never feared to leap into a collier's basket and swing down the deep, black shaft. He had also an appreciative love of money; he knew just how many sixpences he owned, and though he could give if asked to do so, he always wanted the dominie to give him a good reason for giving. The child gave him back again his youth, and a fuller and nobler one than he himself had known.

And God was very gracious to him, and lengthened out this second youth to a green old age. These men of old Gaul had iron constitutions; they did not begin to think themselves old men until they had turned fourscore. It was thirty years after Helen's death when Tallisker one night sent this word to his life-long friend:

"I hae been called, Crawford; come and see me once more."

They all went together to the manse. The dominie was in his ninety-first year, and he was going home. No one could call it dying. He had no pain. He was going to his last sleep

> "As sweetly as a child,
> Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
> Tired with long play, at close of summer's day
> Lies down and slumbers."

"Good-by, Crawford—for a little while. We'll hae nae tears. I hae lived joyfully before my God these ninety years; I am going out o' the sunshine into the sunshine. Crawford, through that sair strait o' yours you hae set a grand, wide-open door for a weight o' happiness. I am glad ye didna wait. A good will is a good thing, but a good life is far better. It is a grand thing to sow your ain good seed. Nae ither hand could hae done it sae well and sae wisely. Far and wide there are lads and lasses growing up to call you blessed. This is a thought to mak death easy, Crawford. Good-night, dears."

And then "God's finger touched him and he slept."

Crawford lived but a few weeks longer. After the dominie's death he simply sat waiting. His darling Alexander came home specially to brighten these last hours, and in his company he showed almost to the last hour the true Crawford spirit.

"Alexander," he would say, "you'll ding for your ain side and the Crawfords always, but you'll be a good man; there is nae happiness else, dear. Never rest, my lad, till ye sit where your fathers sat in the House o' Peers. Stand by the State and the Kirk, and fear God, Alexander. The lease o' the Cowden Knowes is near out; don't renew it. Grip tight what ye hae got, but pay every debt as if God wrote the bill. Remember the poor, dear lad. Charity gies itsel' rich. Riches mak to themselves wings, but charity clips the wings. The love o' God, dear, the love o' God—that is the best o' all."

Yes, he had a sair struggle with his lower nature to the very last, but he was constantly strengthened by the conviction of a "Power closer to him than breathing, nearer than hands or feet."

Nine weeks after the dominie's death they found him sitting in his chair, fallen on that sleep whose waking is eternal day. His death was like Tallisker's—a perfectly natural one. He had been reading. The Bible lay open at that grand peroration of St. Paul's on faith, in the twelfth of Hebrews. The "great cloud of witnesses," "the sin which doth so easily beset us," "Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith"—these were probably his last earthly thoughts, and with them he passed into

> "That perfect presence of his face
> Which we, for want of words, call heaven."

THE END.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD TENNYSON.*

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

(*Editor of Christian Guardian.*)

THE brightest star in Britain's sky of fame
Has passed beyond the range of mortal sight;
But on the hearts of men a deathless name
Is graved in characters of golden light.

The Bard whose peerless songs of life and love
Have charmed the ills of hearts by care opprest,
Has "crossed the bar"—is havened safe above,
Where life is love and service joyous rest.

We render thanks, not tears or mournful lays,
For him who with a manly, stainless life,
Filled up the circle of his lengthened days,
And nerved his fellows in their fateful strife.

Beauty and truth unseen by other eyes
His touch unveiled and clothed in living fire;
Nature's unuttered music found a voice
In the sweet tones of his melodious lyre.

He loved Old England; of her glory proud
Her weal and woe were of his life a part;
Oft as his bugle blast rang clear and loud,
It stirred the blood in every patriot heart.

His ashes rest with England's kings of song,
But his freed spirit chants in loftier strain,
And his great thoughts and scorn of selfish wrong—
His truer self—shall evermore remain.

Though the wide ocean spreads its stormy sway
Between us and the land he held so dear,
These maple leaves in grateful love I lay
With English roses on his honoured bier.

TORONTO, NOV., 1892.

* We feel much pleasure in inserting the above spirited poem, on the death of Lord Tennyson, by the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.—ED.

Current Topics and Events.

The Effects of McKinleyism.

Advices from Europe indicate that there is very great commercial depression in all the manufacturing centres of the continent and Great Britain. The effect of the McKinley Bill has been to almost paralyze many of the manufacturing interests of these countries, and cause very great suffering to unnumbered thousands of industrious operatives. It strikes us that the commercial policy of the United States, as indicated by this Chinese-like exclusion of foreign productions, is one of extreme selfishness. It was not needed for the legitimate development of the manufacturing industries of the Republic. It seems to have been dictated by the grasping avarice of a few millionaire corporations which wish to make their great gains greater still. These soulless corporations often grind the bones of the poor by reducing their wages to the lowest minimum. Some of the employees in the mining villages of Pennsylvania and elsewhere are living under conditions in which human beings can scarcely subsist.

In a nation which has increased in wealth beyond any previous experience in the world, which is paying its national debt with unexampled rapidity, which is lavishing millions in pensions, and whose treasury is overflowing with silver and gold, the strange fact is exhibited that while the rich are becoming richer, the poor are relatively becoming poorer still. The result is seen in the estrangement between the classes and the masses, in the labour unrest which heaves and throbs from the mines of Cour d'Elêne to those of Tennessee, in the labour riots at Homestead and Buffalo.

At the same time this great nation, with its millions of square miles of land still unoccupied, which await only the touch of labour and irrigation to greatly enrich the national wealth, is excluding with a strange jealousy, that very labour which is so necessary for its development. The Chinese who have redeemed much of California from a desert, and made housekeeping in that land possible, are absolutely shut out of the country. Even the poor Indians of the Canadian North-West were not permitted to cross the line to save the hop-crop which could scarce be harvested without their help.

There are some Americans who have enough of loyalty to humanity to be ashamed of the callous greed which inspires this selfishness. We have pleasure in quoting the generous sentiments of William Lloyd Garrison, the distinguished philanthropist of the United States. In an admirable address delivered shortly before his death, he spoke with prophetic utterance as follows, on

The Moral Aspects of the Question.

"Let me lift the discussion from the plane of economics to the plane of morals. We live in a community professing belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Its ministers proclaim that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth,' and the golden rule furnishes a text for moving sermons. On Christmas, amid the decorations of the churches, high over all may be read the motto, 'Peace on earth and good will to men.' The spirit of McKinleyism is alien to all these sentiments of love and justice. The brotherhood of man is arbitrarily confined to national limits. All outside are natural enemies, to be despoiled and disregarded. 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you' is treated as a glittering generality. McKinleyism embodies the essence of war, retaliation and jealousy, and rejoices in armies and armaments and battle ships. Imaginary lines divide human friendship, and 'mountains interposed,' make enemies of nations which had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

"In our school geographies, we learned, as children, the civilizing effect

of commerce. The pictures of great ships carrying the productions of one clime to exchange with those of another for mutual benefit, convey a noble lesson. We send out cooling ice to the tropics and bring back luscious fruit in pay. Interdependence is nobler than independence.

"I aspire to be a citizen of the world and not the subject of any province. Little we dreamed as we conned the lesson of the ship, that we should be asked to believe that commerce is harmful and that scarcity should be the social aim; that Chinese walls were a better emblem than white winged vessels. McKinleyism is selfishness enthroned, and, like all power that builds its throne on outraged rights, its doom is certain. It may hold its unhallowed sway for a time, but it must pass surely into the graveyard of the Spanish Inquisition and American slavery, a fit companion of those extinct wrongs."

The case of Canada differs from that of the United States in that the heavy indebtedness of the country, created by extensive canals and other public works undertaken, demands a large revenue, which can only be met by a heavy customs tariff or by direct taxation. The latter no government is likely to undertake.

The verdict of the nation has doomed McKinleyism, and opens a new page in American history. Not by cutting itself off from the brotherhood of nations, but by weaving ties of commerce and mutual advantage, like Great Britain, with the very ends of the earth, will the American nation or any nation fulfil the moral obligation of promoting the greatest happiness and highest civilization of all mankind.

Lay Preaching.

It is somewhat remarkable that while lay preaching and lay co-operation in church work are rapidly increasing in most of the religious denominations, there is reason to fear that it is decreasing in Methodism. In the Church of England, lay readers and catechumens are multiplying. In the Presbyterian Congregational and Baptist Churches lay elders are doing an increasingly large amount of religious work. But a study of our English and American exchanges, and our own observation, gives us the impression that Methodism, both in the Old World and the New, is not doing as much by means of her organized corps of local preachers as she once did. John Wesley's lay helpers, John Nelson, Silas Told and many another of that glorious galaxy, were among the most efficient aids in the spread of the new evangel. We judge that in the Methodist churches of Great Britain, the local preachers are more than ten to one of the regular ordained ministry. Many circuits with two or three ministers have twenty or thirty lay preachers, who often carry on revivals independent of the help of the ordained ministers. Among them are many noble soldiers of God. They have a very vigorous local preachers' magazine, local preachers' organization and insurance society; but they still complain that they have not the facilities for work that they formerly had.

In the United States, like Othello's, the local preacher's occupation seems to be entirely gone. In many parts of Canada, a very large amount of the religious preaching and teaching of Methodism would cease if it were not for the invaluable services of our local preachers. In our own experience on a rural circuit, full one-half of the work was done by faithful and acceptable local preachers, who, in rain or shine, in cold or heat, were at their post. There are special advantages in the work of the local preacher. Even the most bitter opponent of religion cannot say of him, as they sometimes do of the ordained preacher, "Oh, that is his trade; he is paid to preach, and does it for a living." Their noble disinterestedness and zeal stops the mouths of gainsaying and cavil.

The enormous development of our Sunday-school work, and the invaluable services of godly men and women of the Church as superintendents or teachers, gives a most valuable opportunity for the exercise of lay talent. We hope for great things from the Epworth Leagues and their employment of the glowing enthusiasm and consecrated zeal of

our young men in conducting religious services, in aggressive Christian work, in preaching the Word, and in training up a noble body of candidates for the Methodist ministry.

The following remarks from a recent number of the *Methodist Times* will be appropriate to the subject in hand:

"In these days Methodism is an ever-developing force in the leavening of society. Refinement and culture are widening and deepening amongst our people on all sides. It is useless to blind our eyes to the fact that the conditions of preaching are very different from what they were fifty or even twenty years ago. Never before was so much expected of the preacher, never before has he been so severely criticised; and, more important than this, never before has he had such a wide-reaching opportunity if only he advances with the advancing age. There can be no excuse for bringing to the service of God anything short of the best of which we are by striving capable. While we would not suggest any new exclusive test that would tell hardly on those who are already doing *noble and self-sacrificing service*, we cannot but advocate a gradually-raised standard of efficiency among the *unpaid apostles and preachers* of Methodism. It would be an easy matter to include in the requirements of those on trial, a fair knowledge of English language and literature which would prove them to be conversant with the best thought of our country. The preacher should feel his every effort inspired by the assurance of his high mission; he should seek to make his words and utterance acceptable and edifying to all, so that all occasion for offence is removed out of the way of the cultured as well as of the unsophisticated, for the message of salvation is to be proclaimed to all without distinction, to the rich as well as to the poor."

In the same paper a local preacher assigns a few reasons for the exclusion of local preachers from the larger chapels:

"'In these days of advanced education, men of refinement will not tolerate bad grammar and defective pronunciation in local preachers.

"'Oftentimes ministers are jealous of local preachers when their preaching powers are equal or superior to their own.'

"If the lay ministry is to secure secure public respect, and prove itself a far greater power in Methodism—and without it Methodism would be paralyzed—it will have to initiate many reforms. Had the education of the unordained ministry proceeded *pari passu* with that of the ordained, the influence of Methodism would be far greater than it is."

Our Educational Work.

We gather a number of interesting facts from the last report of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church. While this report deals chiefly with the colleges and theological institutions of our Church, it is of interest to every member. The late Dr. Nelles—of revered and honoured memory—used to be fond of quoting that fine passage in Bacon, in which the great colleges of England, three hundred years ago, were compared to the lofty mountains, often covered with snow and seldom visited by the foot of man. Yet, as the source of the streams that watered all the valleys and plains, they were a means of blessing to every toil-worn labourer, to every peasant's wife and child. So these institutions of higher learning, although many thousands of our people may never walk their halls, nor enjoy directly their advantages, yet become the sources of living streams which shall water and refresh the otherwise dry and barren soil. All of our preachers and most of our teachers pass through these halls, and become the channels through which this higher learning is brought to every pulpit, to every school-house and to the firesides of our families.

It is sometimes said: "These are only institutions for the rich; let them pay their own way if they wish for higher education." This is a great mistake. Most of the students, the young preachers and teachers of our country, are poor. They come like the peasant preachers of Galilee, or the shepherd singers and herdsmen prophets of old, or like the divine Teacher of Nazareth, from scenes of lowly toil or from the village workshop, to acquire the

training to make them tillers of God's vineyard and shepherds of His flock.

Under the able administration of Rev. Dr. Potts, a greatly quickened interest has been manifested towards our higher educational work, as will be apparent from the following facts and figures :

The income for the past year is $20,539.27, being an increase over the preceding year of $983.71. This compares very favourably and significantly with the income of 1884, the first year after the union, $9,500.

The consummation of University Federation in Ontario as affecting Victoria College has been reached in a spirit and manner full of bright promise as to the future of this great enterprise. The magnificent building in the Queen's Park will afford ample accommodation for three hundred students, and will form a religious as well as an intellectual centre for the youth of our Canadian Methodism, who in increasing numbers are found in the city of Toronto seeking its intellectual advantages. The cost, $215,000, has been completely defrayed by the liberal contributions of the Methodist people without the expenditure of a dollar for interest, and the date of formal opening, Oct. 23rd, 1892, will long mark the era when our new Victoria entered upon its career of service to the Church and to the country in the great educational centre of Toronto.

The Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal shows signs of continued prosperity in marked increase of students and of financial strength. In its very important work of training men for the ministry it still aims at securing both educational thoroughness and practical efficiency.

Mount Allison University in the Maritime Provinces, and Wesley College in the centre of the great West, as well as Albert College, Belleville, are still rendering most valuable service in higher education, while the Ladies' Colleges of Whitby, Hamilton and St. Thomas all report enlargement of their work. Official reports from the Stanstead Wesleyan College show that with its affiliation to McGill University, it has entered upon a new lease of life, both in University work and as an Academy.

The terrible calamity by which Newfoundland Methodism was bereft of its College in St. John's has both drawn out practical sympathy among our people in the West and has given occasion to our brethren in that colony to show the heroic energy by which they are distinguished, so that it is probable that the work in St. John's will be at once resumed and continued with former efficiency.

Announcement of The Methodist Magazine for 1893.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement on our last page of the programme of the Magazine for the coming year. It is, we believe, by far the best and most interesting and instructive announcement that this periodical has ever presented. One of the series of papers which will run through the year, or a great part of it, will be "Tent Life in Palestine and Syria," giving a full, fresh, and accurate account, from notes taken on the spot, of a journey from Hebron to Damascus and from Jaffa to Jericho. It describes with pen and pencil all the sacred places : Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethel, Samaria, Nain, Cana, Tabor, Nazareth, Galilee, Tiberias, Capernaum, Dan, Mount Hermon, Baalbec, Mount Lebanon, Beyrout, etc.

The Rev. J. G. Bond, whose "Vagabond Vignettes" of travel have been read with such interest, will also discuss the important questions of "The Site of Calvary—the Traditional and the True," "The Rock City of Petra" and other important Biblical questions. These papers will be illustrated with numerous and striking pictures of the sacred sites and scenes of the Lord's Land.

The editor's papers on "What Egypt Can Teach Us" will also be copiously illustrated with *fac-similes* of the ancient wall-pictures and hieroglyphics.

President Quayle will write a paper on William III., a companion to his brilliant paper on Cromwell, of last year.

Much prominence will be given to Missionary and Social Topics as will be seen by the Announcement. The MAGAZINE contains nearly one-tenth more matter, being printed solid and having more smaller type, than leaded as it formerly was.

MAGAZINE PREMIUMS.

For notice of very attractive MAGAZINE premiums—olive wood from Jerusalem, "Chambers' Encyclopedia," etc.—see advertising pages.

While we beg to tender our hearty thanks to our kind friends, especially the ministerial friends, who have done so much to promote the circulation of this magazine, we beg to solicit a renewal of that kind interest, and hope that every reader will endeavour to secure at least one other for this magazine. We need only an increased patronage to still further improve the character of this periodical, and make it still more deserving of their patronage.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The progress of the London West End Mission is phenomenal. Five years ago there was not a member, nor a building, nor a penny on hand. Now there are five ministers, three lay agents, more than thirty sisters and many voluntary agents. Upwards of 8,000 persons assemble every Sunday in the various halls of the mission. There are 1,500 communicants, the majority of whom were never previously connected with any Church. Every grade of society has been touched. The wealthy and their domestic servants, the young people in large houses of business, the very poor in the slums, the soldiers and the metropolitan police. All the services are crowded, especially those at the Central Hall, but new departments are constantly springing up.

Lady Somerset has requested the Mission to take over the working, at her cost, of a mission-hall in Somerstown. The reports of the mission at the East and South Branches are equally encouraging with those of the West. The accounts published respecting the "Sisterhood" department is more thrilling than any novel we ever read.

The love-feast at the recent conference, Bradford, was attended by 1,400 people.

One of the latest applications for baptism in the mission in Burmah, is a niece of the late King Theebaw, a bright girl of seventeen, a pupil in the mission school.

Mrs. Argent, the mother of the *Joyful News* evangelist who lost his life in the disturbances at Wuseh, China, has given the amount received from the Chinese Government as compensation, ($4,625) for evangelical work in China.

The Rev. Thos. Cook, conference evangelist, has been labouring in Africa, and wherever he has gone there have been pentecostal seasons. One day eighty souls professed conversion. One heathen woman sent the preacher thirty-five huge rings which she had worn on her ankles and arms, saying she was to put on Christ. Scores and hundreds decided for Christ. On the second Sabbath about four hundred came forward as enquirers. The next day was very similar.

Farewell ordination missionary services are frequently held. These services are always impressive, and doubtless tend to fan the flame of missionary zeal among Methodist people.

As to the results of Wesleyan missions, it may be stated that there is now a constituency representing about 2,000 circuits, 11,000 chapels and preaching places, 2,592 missionaries and ministers, and 407,274 members. Its Fiji achievement ranks among the most notable in the whole history of missions.

It may not be generally known that no church or chapel in London is so much visited as Wesley's Chapel, City Road, with the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. It is, in fact, the Methodist Cathedral. In the recent improvements seven pillars of French jasper were introduced as supports to the gallery, but mainly to represent the Irish, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Canadian, Australian, South African, and West Indian Conferences. This cathedral will not be complete until it contains some gift from every Methodist connexion in the world, and there seems to be every probability that this desirable event will soon be brought about.

In the Wesleyan Church, Hebrew and Greek are in the course of study, and no preacher is placed in charge of a circuit who has not been through one of the institutes.

Cornwall district has twenty-one circuits, forty-six ministers, and six hundred local preachers. There are 280 chapels in which the local preachers do most effective work.

Primitive Methodist.

A memorial window is to be placed in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, which will contain a representation of Peter preaching at Pentecost. The greatest satisfaction is felt throughout the Connexion that the various Methodist denominations are to have each its memorial window in this historic building.

A Holiness Convention has been held at Nottingham, which was attended by hundreds of ministers and laymen from all parts of England. The various services were attended with extraordinary power and success. Numbers of professing Christians sought a fuller consecration to Christ, and worldly men and women sought forgiveness of sins. It is intended to hold similar conventions in various parts of the Connexion, as so far they have been productive of great good.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Twenty-two years ago the first missionary was sent to Salt Lake City. Now there are one presiding elder, fifteen ministers, and thirteen teachers.

Bishop Joyce has organized the mission at Bulgaria into an annual conference, and a pentecostal baptism followed.

The Bishop has had a most successful tour among the European conferences. It has been one continued scene of revival. In Denmark there is a Book Concern which has been in existence four years. It is out of debt. They have a Church paper and a Sunday-school paper with 2,000 and 3,000 subscribers respectively. The manager receives $364 salary with which he supports a wife and five children. In the theological school two of the professors work for nothing. A servant girl in America, who was born on the island of Lolland, sent a draft for $175 to the mission superintendent, instructing him to spend the money in supporting a missionary at her native place.

There are thirty-six missions among the Cherokees and Choctaws, and over 6,500 adherents.

At the East Ohio Conference, a Jewish rabbi was introduced by Bishop Newman. As the bishop took hold of his hand, he said impressively: "This man preaches Moses, we preach Moses and Christ, but when we get to heaven we shall together sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

The public bequests of the late Francis H. Root, of Buffalo, amount to about $100,000.

The Hoe Printing Press Company has given $16,000 to establish a publishing house at Calcutta.

Five deaconesses were recently consecrated in one of the New York churches.

Old John Street Church, New York,

has celebrated another anniversary. Our General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, preached one of the sermons.

There has been a wonderful revival at San Francisco, Cal., at which 10,000 people were awakened in ten days. Mr. Mills and Mr. Greenwood were the human instruments. The largest hall in the city was engaged, which holds 10,000, and was crowded every night. On the Sabbath, 2,000 persons signed cards expressing their determination to lead new lives. At one meeting 10,000 boys were present. It was a grand sight. The boys' brigade, 1,000 strong, went in search of other boys, and at the meeting 1,016 lads signed a pledge: "I want to lead a new life."

At another meeting, 250 seats were reserved for the Chinese, but 300 were present, 125 of whom are Christians.

On one week-day, thousands of business houses were closed. The city was never so moved before, though Moody, Sam Jones, and other great revivalists have all been there. All denominations have combined in the work. Ministers of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Lutheran, Baptist, Quakers, and the Salvation Army have joined hand in hand.

The Methodist Church.

Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan have returned from their tour in British Columbia and Japan, greatly pleased with what they have seen. The whole Church is greatly indebted to these ladies for their praiseworthy labours in visiting the missions. Not only have they encouraged the hearts of the labourers in the mission field, but the information which they have acquired will be of great value for years to come.

The Methodist Social Union of Toronto held its annual banquet in October, when more than 200 persons were in attendance. E. Gurney, Esq., presided. Two suburban churches were reported as seriously embarrassed. Revs. P. Addison and E. Barrass, D.D., pastors, made a plea on behalf of their respective churches. A resolution was adopted to render help. The Union will doubtless accomplish much good. There should be similar unions in all our large centres, as many Methodist people are not so well acquainted as they should be.

Rev. E. England, Springhill, Nova Scotia, is delivering a series of monthly lectures to young men, with a view to draw those to church who do not attend. He is succeeding. His last lecture was based on Proverbs xiii. 11, "Good Luck *versus* Hard Labour."

The Woman's Missionary Society held its annual meeting at Brantford, October 19th. There was a gratifying increase reported all along the line. The women are doing a noble work.

Indian institutes are much needed in the North-West. The erection of those promised proceeds slowly.

Revs. W. F. Wilson and J. E. Starr, Toronto, have been preaching to crowded churches on gambling. The exposures they have made are terrible.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. James Gray, of Toronto Conference, died on the day on which Mr. Curts was buried, October 29th. Death came to him while he was reading a letter in his office in Wesley Buildings. He literally died at his post as he had often expressed a wish to do so. Mr. Gray entered the ministry in 1846, and while in the active work he was more than ordinarily useful. In some circuits he was favoured with extensive revivals, particularly the old Matilda circuit. He was often chairman of district, and once president of conference. As an administrator of discipline he was judicious, always kind, but firm as a rock when circumstances required. No man was more disinterested. He never studied his own interests, but was constantly planning and labouring to promote the welfare of the Church. For nearly eight years he was treasurer of the Superannuation Fund, a position for which his faithfulness and caution duly qualified him. The Sabbath before his death, he preached to the inmates of

one of the benevolent institutions of the city. The writer feels that in the death of the Rev. James Gray he has lost a friend greatly beloved. We were very intimate for more than twenty years, I shall ever remember our last conversation two days before he died. "O may I triumph so when all my warfare's past." The funeral service was very impressive. Sympathetic addresses were made by Drs. Potts, Sutherland, and Carman.

N. G. Bigelow, Esq., Q.C., M.P.P., LL.D. When it was reported on Friday, November 4th, that this well-known gentleman was dead, thousands in Toronto felt as though they had lost a friend. The immense concourse of people who attended his funeral, testified that no ordinary citizen had passed on before. Mr. Bigelow was a native of Simcoe County, and had the advantages of a good education, first at the public school, and then at Victoria College. No doubt Mr. Bigelow was ambitious to excel, and looked forward to the time when he would serve his country in a higher sphere. He largely attained the object of his life, and was recently elected a member of the Provincial Legislature, but, alas! death called him away before he could occupy the seat.

His contributions to charitable objects were extensive. To the Methodist Church he was ardently attached, and for his Alma Mater, Victoria University, he was always an earnest friend. He was present at the late opening exercises, and rejoiced greatly at the outlook.

Rev. James Curts, Bay of Quinte Conference, finished his course on October 28th at Belleville, where he has resided since last Conference. He was a man greatly beloved by all to whom he was known. He commenced his ministry in the late Methodist Episcopal Church in 1852. For twenty-two years consecutively he was secretary of conference. He was presiding elder at the union in 1884, and was president of the first Bay of Quinte Conference after the union. For several years he was a member of various conference committees, and last conference he was appointed financial agent of Albert College. He was sixty-three years of age. His widow and eight surviving children have lost a kind husband and loving father, and the Church has lost a valuable and faithful minister.

Rev. W. W. Lloyd, a member of Bay of Quinte Conference, died at his home in Epsom, November 3rd. His sickness, which terminated with paralysis, was of short duration but very painful. Bro. Lloyd was a good man, very retiring in his habits, but always highly esteemed for devotedness to the duties of the ministry. Our departed brother was eighteen years in the ministry, and leaves a heritage to his bereaved widow and children more precious than gold.

Mrs. Paul Robins. This devoted mother in Israel died at Bowmanville during the last week in October at the great age of eighty-seven. Her husband, Rev. Paul Robins, died a few years ago, so that after being true yoke-fellows in life, they were not long separated by death. Both were itinerant ministers for many years in the Bible Christian Church, both in England and Canada, where they had many spiritual children. Mrs. Robins was a cultured lady, and fully consecrated to the service of her beloved Master.

Rev. James Baume, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bombay, India, died at his post a few months ago. He went to India in 1859, and did good service in the city of Lucknow and other places.

Rev. J. R. Parkinson of the Primitive Methodist Church, recently went to his reward. He was seventy-four years of age and had been fifty-two years in the ministry. He was one of the founders of the Connexional Insurance Company.

Book Notices.

The Latin Hymn-writers and Their Hymns. By the late Samuel Willoughby Duffield, author of "The Heavenly Land," "Warp and Woof," and "English Hymns: Their Authors and History." Edited and compiled by Prof. R. E. Thompson, D.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Octavo, pp. xii.–511.

Some two years ago, while visiting the beautiful Protestant cemetery at Detroit, we were particularly impressed by the noble monuments of the three Doctors Duffield, grandfather, father, and son, whose joint lives, extending over a century, were spent in preaching the Gospel. On the tomb of the second of the family were inscribed a few lines of the beautiful hymn of which he was the writer: "Stand up! stand up for Jesus," a hymn which has been an inspiration to thousands. The author of this book largely inherited the poetic instinct and poetic gift of his father. In the difficult task of translating these Latin hymns into English verse, he has shown rare facility and skill. He early developed a passion for poetry; by his tenth year he had mastered the difficulties of Chaucer. His work on "English Hymns: Their Authors and History," is already a classic on the subject, but his scholarly tastes make his work on Latin hymns the *opus magnum* of his life.

We may paraphrase the saying of Fletcher of Saltoun to read, "Let me make the hymns of a Church and I care not who constructs its theology." Indeed the hymns of a Church *are* its theology, not framed into a stiff logical system, but existing as a living, breathing and pervasive spell. A marvellous influence these old Latin hymns have had upon the thought and mind of Christendom. They have gone into the hymn books of all the Churches, Catholic and Protestant alike. They have voiced the deepest emotions and the most sacred feelings of the soul. "Jerusalem the Golden" still utters the heavenly home-sickness of the heart, no less than when sung by Bernard of Clugny, amid the darkness of the middle ages, seven hundred years ago.

We know no such complete and sympathetic treatment of these old hymns elsewhere as that given in this volume. While the work of a scholar it is not the work of a pedant. The author does not obtrude his learning, but acts as the genial guide of the unlearned on those serene heights of song. In an interesting chapter he treats "The Praise Service of the Early Church," and introduces us to the study of Latin hymns. Successive chapters tell what is known of the life story of these saintly writers —bishops, monks, schoolmen—whose writings have been the precious heritage of the Church throughout the ages. Of sturdy Huguenot descent himself, he vindicates in a thoughtful chapter the right of Protestantism to the devotional use of these ancient hymns. A copious bibliography, indices and appendices increase the value of the book.

Although classic Latinity is void of rhyme, and many of the ancient hymns imitate it in this respect, yet many of the grandest of them all exhibit a complex rhyme and involved rhythm that it is exceedingly difficult to translate. The following are examples from Bernard of Clugny's poems:

"Hora *novissima*, tempora *pessima*,
sunt *vigilemus!*
Ecce *minaciter*, imminet *arbiter*, ille
supremus."

Thus Englished closely:

"These are the *latter times*,
These are not *better times*,
Let us stand *waiting!*
Lo, how with *awfulness*,
He, first in *lawfulness*,
Comes *arbitrating!*"

"Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva
medulla,

Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lacryma nulla.
O sacra potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum
O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum."

This is more freely translated:

"Peace doth abide in Thee;
None hath denied to Thee
Fruitage undying.
Thou hast no weariness;
Naught of uncheeriness
Moves Thee to sighing.
Draught of the stream of life,
Joy of the dream of life,
Peace of the spirit!
Sacred and holy hymns,
Placid and lowly hymns,
Thou dost inherit!"

"So strange and subtle," Dr. Duffield writes, "is the charm of this marvellous poem, with its abrupt and startling rhythm, that it affects me even yet, though I have but swept my fingers lightly over a single chord. I seem to myself to have again taken into my hand the old familiar harp, and to be tuning it once more to the heavenly harmony which the old monk tried to catch. Perhaps some day, when the clouds are removed, I shall see him, and understand even better than now the glory that lit his lonely cell, and made him feel that

'Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.'"

Readers of Longfellow's "Golden Legend" will remember the charming use which he makes of these Latin hymns in that poem. Our author says, "I hold Bernard of Clairvaux to be the real author of the modern hymn—the hymn of faith and worship. The poetry of Faber, which is now so near to the heart of the Church, is peculiarly in this key. The Church universal has made Bernard her own; and the very translations of his verses have been half-inspired. And while we sing,

'Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,'

we sing the very strain that the abbot of Clairvaux was sent on earth to teach!"

That solemn hymn, "Dies Irae," with its ringing triple rhymes, like the strokes of a hammer upon an anvil, or, rather, like the solemn tolling of a bell, has been translated oftener than any poem in the Latin language. All Christendom rejoices in it as a common treasure, the gift of God through a devout Italian monk of the thirteenth century. It is indissolubly associated with Mozart's wonderful "Requiem," and with the most tragic scene of Goethe's "Faust." Sir Walter Scott introduced it with fine effect in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and in the wandering utterances of his death-bed, it mingled with the old Scottish Psalms. The Earl of Roscommon died repeating its words. Dr. Johnson could never utter the tender words ("Seeking me Thou sattest weary,"* the lines which Dean Stanley quotes in his description of Jacob's well,) without being moved to tears. It is in words a picture of the Day of Judgment, not less impressive than Angelo's great painting of the Sistine Chapel. Its translations into English and German have been numbered by the hundreds; ninety-six versions have been made in America, and nearly as many in Great Britain. Only Luther's "Ein' feste Burg," of which there are eighty-one versions in English alone, can compare with it. Dr. Duffield's own version of this majestic hymn is one of great power and grandeur. We quote a few stanzas:

"With what answer shall I meet Him,
By what advocate entreat Him,
When the just may scarcely greet
Him?

"King of majesty appalling,
Who dost save the elect from falling,
Save me! on Thy pity calling.

"Be Thou mindful, Lord most lowly,
That for me Thou diest solely;
Leave me not to perish wholly!"†

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*"Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti cruce passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!"

†"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Dum vix justus sit securus?

As we turn from this noble selection of the hymns of the ages, we feel that even in the darkest times, God hath not left Himself without faithful witnesses in His Church—that in the ardour of devotion and flame of love all errors of creed are consumed, the soul breathing its aspirations into the ear of God who seeth in secret and heareth in heaven, His dwelling place.

An Island Paradise, and Reminiscences of Travel. By H. Spencer Howell. Toronto: Hart & Riddell. Octavo, pp. 296. Price $1.50.

This is one of the handsomest specimens of Canadian bookmaking that we have seen. The good paper and clear, leaded type make it pleasing to the eye as well as to the mind. Nor does the elegance of the book surpass its literary merit. Mr. Howell writes in an exceedingly racy and readable style, and with a fine vein of humour. He is a veritable "globe trotter," and gives us admirable glimpses of travel and adventure in many parts of the world.

It will be a surprise to many to learn the remarkable industrial development of the Hawaiian Islands. The export of sugar in 1890 was over 227,000,000 pounds and the capital invested was nearly $29,000,000, a single mill manufacturing from 100 to 120 tons of sugar per day. The royal palace at Honolulu cost over half a million. The town has a free library, a Y.M.C.A., many churches, and the finest museum of Polynesian curiosities in the world. Mr. Howell describes Hawaii as an "island paradise," but it is a paradise with its dreadful Gehenna, a veritable lake of fire, half a mile wide, whose molten waves lash and dash in a horrible manner. Our adventurous traveller describes his descent into the active crater as a "fool-hardy undertaking." It is one which few men living could or would have attempted.

The second part of the book describes experiences and adventures in Ceylon, Bombay, and the Malabar Coast, at Malta and Gibraltar, an eighty days' voyage to the Antipodes, whose monotony was broken by a terrific storm, and graphic sketches of Sydney, Melbourne, and Ballarat. More familiar ground is covered in his graphic descriptions of Brussels, Antwerp, and Edinburgh, with their stirring, historic associations.

Faith-healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena. By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. New York: Century Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 308. Price $1.25.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, the accomplished editor of the *Christian Advocate*, has for many years made a special study of psychological phenomena. In this admirable volume, he gathers up the results of this study. The borderland between the natural and the supernatural has for many minds an absorbing fascination which has led to the acceptance of some unwarranted and some preposterous theories. Dr. Buckley carries the clear light of science into this shadowy realm. He discusses the fallacies and errors of what is called Faith-Healing, Christian Science and Mind Cure. He effectually discredits the claims of this so-called science, and shows the evils resulting from this un-Christian superstition.

Exceedingly interesting chapters are given on astrology, devination, dreams, nightmare, somnambulism, visions, apparitions, and on that saddest tale in the history of the human race, witchcraft in the old world and in the new. The marked note of this book is the application of shrewd common sense to the investigation and explanation of the often extraordinary phenomena described. It is the most valuable contribution made to this department of psychology since Sir Walter Scott published his "Demonology and Witchcraft," over half a century ago. The book is well indexed, and published in the Century Company's best style.

"Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

"Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illâ die!"

The Unseen Friend. By Lucy Larcom. Boston and New York: Houghton and Mifflin. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The author of this thoughtful and poetic volume, has long since won a place in many hearts by her poems of religious life. Her prose meditations are not less beautiful than her writings in verse. It is emphatically a book for a quiet hour when the soul communes with its own thoughts and is still. The subjects treated will indicate in part the scope of this volume: "Glimpses of Him," "From Persons to the Person," "It and He," "The Divine Human," "The Heavenly Breath," "The Perfect Friendship," "Visions and Duties," "Nature Redeemed," "A Cloud of Witnesses," "As Seeing Him."

An American Missionary in Japan. By Rev. M. L. Gordon, M.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 300. Price $1.25.

This volume will be of special interest to Canadian Methodists on account of its dealing with the missionary problems of the country where our most signal missionary successes have been won. Dr. Griffis, in his introduction, claims that Japan is yet to be, under divine providence, God's messenger to Asia. But a few years ago it was death to become a Christian, now, in the Imperial Parliament of Japan, are fifteen pronounced Christian members, a remarkable proof of the success of Christian missions. The stones thrown in persecution in the village of Ametzu have been built into the foundations of the church. Many remarkable conversions are here recorded. Our author is enthusiastic in his praise of Japan and its people as a field and subjects for missionary effort. He specially commends the educational work which is being done among women and girls. Of the schools for these classes there are fifty-one with 2,049 students. He also strongly commends the medical missions, and pays a well-deserved tribute to our own Dr. McDonald for successful labours in this field. He urges the unification of the mission societies in that country, of which there are more than thirty. "Is it any wonder," he asks, "that the Japanese are puzzled and ask, 'are there thirty Christs or is only one of them the true Christ?'" At the same time he strongly affirms the Christian cordiality and co-operation of these societies. The book abounds in interesting sketches of missionary life and travel, Japanese preaching and the like. He refers to the recent reaction against Christianity, but says the tide is turning, that while there may be difficulties and dangers ahead, there is strong ground for confidence.

The Crusade of 1383, known as that of the Bishop of Norwich. By George M. Wrong, B.A., lecturer of history in University College, Toronto. Toronto: Williamson Book Co. Pp. viii.–96.

This is a succinct and clearly written monograph on an interesting episode in English history. It describes a crusade after the crusades—a conflict, not between Christians and Moslems, but between the adherents of rival popes. It exhibits the methods of the new school of history in giving vivid pictures founded upon contemporary chronicles and other authorities, of the condition of the people, instead of dry-as-dust records of the doings of kings. The sketch of the condition of England in the fourteenth century, with the well-etched characters of parish priests, monks, friars, sumpnours, and the like, impresses one as of striking fidelity. The stormy campaign in Flanders with its valiant fighting, cruel slaughter and meagre results, is clearly set forth. It is an admirable example of the best methods of historical study; the list of the contemporary authorities, state papers, and the like, being fully given. This monograph is designed to form part of a larger work on the history of England, which we hope the accomplished author will find opportunity to complete. We congratulate the students of Toronto University on the privilege of pursuing historical studies under the guidance of so accomplished an adept in that fascinating task.

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